

A B O O K

*to help the Young & Gay,
To pass the tedious hours away,
Containing things, not often read,
And some that ne'er were Published.
Heres some in praise of blinking Cupid,
And some to please y^e Drunkard Stupid,
In short if You've a merry Vein,
To please all sorts, here is a Strain:
For Alexander Love jest Printed,
The Price, is at the bottom hinted.*

*Sold by A. Pope, near
the Change.*

about 1790

Price one Shilling & six pence.





A
B O O K
FOR THE
Gay and Young, &c.

The JOYS of MARRIAGE.



OW uneasy is his Life
Who is troubled with a WIFE!
Be she ne'er so fair or comely,
Be she ne'er so foul or homely,
Be she ne'er so young and toward,
Be she ne'er so old and froward,
Be she kind with Arms infolding,
Be she cross and always scolding,
Be she blith or melancholy,
Have she Wit or have she Folly,

B

Yet

Be she wary, be she squandring,
 Be she staid, or be she wandring,
 Be she constant, be she fickle,
 Be she Fire, or be she ickle,
 Be she pious or ungodly,
 Be she chaste or what sounds odly:
 Lastly, be she good or evil,
 Be she Saint, or be she Devil;
 Yet uneasy is his Life,
 Who is marry'd to a WIFE.

If fair she's subject to temptation,
 If foul herself's sollicitation,
 If young and sweet she is too tender,
 If old and cross no Man can mend her,
 If too kind she's over-clinging,
 If a true Scold she's ever ringing,
 If blith find Fiddles, or ye undo her,
 If sad, then call a Casuist to her,
 If a Wit she'll still be jeering,
 If a Fool she's ever fleering,
 If too wary then she'll shrew thee,
 If too lavish she'll undo thee,
 If staid she'll mope a Year together,
 If gadding then to *London* with her,
 If true she'll think you don't deserve her,
 If false a thousand will not serve her,
 If lustful send her to a Spittle,
 If cold she is for one too little,
 If she be o'th' Reformation
 Thy House will be a Convocation,

If

If a Libertine then watch it,
 At the Window thou may'st catch it,
 If chaste her Pride will soon importune,
 If a WHORE thou know'st thy Fortune:
 So uneasy is his Life
 Who is marry'd to a WIFE.

These are all Extremes I know,
 But all WOMANKIND is so,
 And the golden Mean to none
 Of that cloven Race is known;
 Or to one if known it be,
 Yet that one's unknown to me.
 Some *Ulyssian* Traveller
 May perhaps have gone so far,
 As t'have found (in Spite of Nature)
 Such an admirable Creature.
 If a Voyager there be
 Has made that Discovery,
 He the fam'd ODCOMBIAN gravels,
 And may rest to write his Travels.

But alas! there's no such Woman,
 The Calamity is common,
 The first Rib did bring in Ruin,
 And the rest have still been doing,
 Some by one Way, some another,
 WOMAN still is Mischief's Mother,
 And yet cannot MAN forbear,
 Tho' it cost him ne'er so dear.

Yet with me 'tis out of Season
 To complain thus without Reason,
 Since the best and sweetest FAIR
 Is allotted to my Share :
 But, alas ! I *love* her so,
 That my LOVE creates my Woe ;
 For if she be out of Humour,
 Straight displeas'd I do presume her,
 And would give the World to know
 What it is offends her so :
 Or if she be discontented,
 Lord, how am I then tormented !
 And am ready to perswade her
 That I have unhappy made her ;
 But if sick I then am dying,
 Meat and Med'cine both defying :
 So uneasy is his Life
 Who is married to a WIFE.

What are then the MARRIAGE Joys
 That make such a mighty Noise ?
 All inclos'd in one short Sentence,
Little Pleasure, great Repentance ;
 Yet it is so sweet a Pleasure,
 To repent we scarce have Leisure,
 Till the Pleasure wholly fails,
 Save sometimes by Intervals :
 But those Intervals again,
 Are so full of deadly Pain,
 That the Pleasure we have got,
 Is in Conscience too dear bought.

Pox on't! would WOMANKIND be free,
 What needed this Solemnity,
 This foolish Way of coupling so,
 That all the World, forsooth, must know?
 And yet the naked Truth to say,
 They are so perfect grown that Way,
 That if it only be for Pleasure
 You would marry, take good Leisure,
 Since none can ever want Supplies
 For natural Necessities;
 Without exposing of his Life
 To the great Trouble of a WIFE.

Why then all this great Pains-taking?
 Why the fighting? why the waking?
 Why the riding? why the running?
 Why the Artifice and Cunning?
 Why the whining? why the crying?
 Why pretending to be dying?
 Why all this Clutter to get WIVES,
 To make us weary of our Lives?

If *Fruition* we profess
 To be the only Happiness,
 How much happier then is he,
 Who, with the industrious Bee,
 Preys upon the several Sweets
 Of the various Flow'rs he meets,
 Than he who with less Delight
 Dulls on one his Appetite?

Oh, 'tis pleasant to be free !
 The sweetest *Miss* is Liberty ;
 And tho' who with one Sweet is blest
 May reap the Sweets of all the rest
 In her alone, who' *fair* and *true*,
 As *Love* is all for which we sue,
 Whose several Graces may supply
 The Place of full Variety ;
 And whose true Kindness or Address
 Sums up the All of Happiness ;
 Yet 'tis better live alone,
 Free to all than ty'd to one,
 Since uneasy is his Life
 Who is marry'd to a WIFE.

A P A R A P H R A S E.

THE *Beauty* that must me delight,
 Must have a *Skin*, and *Teeth* *Snow* white :
Black arched *Brows*, *black* sprightly *Eyes*,
 And a *black Beauty* 'twixt her —
 Soft blushing *Cheeks*, a Person *tall*,
 Long *Hair*, long *Hands*, and *Fingers* small ;
 Short *Teeth* ; and *Feet* that little are,
 Dilated *Brows*, and *Haunches* fair :
 Fine *silken Hair*, *Lips* full, and red,
 Small *Nose*, with little *Breast* and *Head* :
 All these in one, and this one *Kind*,
 Would make a MISTRESS to my Mind.

An

An Unseasonable Surprise.

AS TOM laid MOLL beneath a Shade,
 To play a Game for *Maidenhead*;
 With smacking *Buffs*, and *chuck o'th' Chin*,
 A *prologue* to the future Scene!
 He thus address'd his *bowzy* MOLLY;
 Nay, pish, this Coyness is a Folly!
 Unwilling! Blush! nay, pshaw — my Dear!
 My *Love*, came we for nothing here?
 Alas! quoth she, should I prove fruitful!
 You know, at best, that wou'd but suit ill —
 Pish, then, if that's thy Care, my MOLL,
 There's one *above* provides for all —
 To which, quoth SLY, upon the Tree,
 Your *Brats*, and *you*, be *damn'd* for me.

The EXCHANGE.

WHILE CAREFUL scolds his Daughter
 MOLLY,
 And tells her she's undone,
 By lying with her *Lover* JOLLY,
 Their Neighbour's eldest Son.

My *Maidenhead's* gone indeed, (*cries Miss*)
 Yet, what care I a Farthing:
 I give him it — but then got his,
 And *Pleasure* into th' Bargain.

An EPIGRAM.

'T WAS a Doubt in Debate among *Sages* of
 Yore,
 Whether *Women*, or *Wine*, had more absolute
 Pow'r;
 Now had I been the *Judge*, when the Matter was
 done,
 Not one had been wiser than when it begun:
 For how can *Man* tell, which the strongest to call,
 When with the same Ease, both can give him
 a *Fall*?

The Shooting-Match: To CUPID.

COME, little *God of Love*, for once, let's
 try
 Who is the better Marksman, you, or I:
 So — fill your Quiver, summon all your Art,
 Well now the Bust, the bright *Corinna's* Heart!
 'There, *Sir*, you've miss'd, and I have pierc'd }
 the Part.
 I own I've miss'd! but 'twas thro' Want of Sight,
 To guide my never-erring Arrow right;
 But — lest you should conceive what I design'd,
 To take Advantage o'er you, 'cause you're Blind,
 We'll have another Tryal in the *Dark*,
 And let him take the *Maid*, who hit's the *Mark*.

NANCY,

NANCY, *the Bedmaker.*

'T WAS once upon a *Summer's* Day,
 As on my downy *Bed* I lay;
 All over in a tedious Sweat,
 To ease my *Limbs* and cool the Heat;
 When pretty NANCY gently came,
 NANCY, the Object of my Flame!
 So soft she look'd, so sweet, so fair,
 With such a winning, yielding, Air;
 With such an easy, comely Pride,
 She seem'd a *lovely, longing Bride!*

Obedient to her Eyes command,
 I seiz'd her warm consenting Hand;
 Upon the downy *Bed* display'd,
 The *murm'ring, panting, struggling Maid.*
 There *ravish'd*, feasted on her Charms,
 Her heaving *Breasts*, her twining *Arms*,
 Her Iv'ry *Neck*, her roguish *Eyes*,
 Her slender *Waist*, her taper *Thighs*,
 With *magic Beauties* there between,
 Too soft! too dazzling to be seen!
 Melting, I clasp'd them close to mine,
 And in a Moment grew *Divine!*

On W O M E N.

BRIGHT, as those glittering *Worlds* above,
Are *Women*, when in *Virtue's* Orb they move ;
But then, like *Stars*, once fall'n, their Light they
lose,
Unheeded *fade*, and turn to *Slime*, like those.

On his Mistress's Favours.

LIKE ALEXANDER, CELIA spreads her
Pow'r,
Like Him, she makes the *Vassal-World* adore ;
But, ah ! like Him, to sooth a proud Desire,
First conquers Towns, then sets those Towns on
Fire.

E P I G R A M.

COming a tender *Girl* from *School*,
Marrying, I met a thund'ring *Tool* :
But fit for *Love's* Embraces grown,
I've got a *Man* that's next to none.
The first with Youth's too vig'rous Warmth inspir'd,
With *Love's* untasted Joys, my Weakness tir'd.
My second grunting *Spark*, cold to *Love's* Charms,
He fills my *Bed* 'tis true, but not my *Arms*.
When

[11]

When I had no Appetite, *Love* cloy'd me ;
Now I've a Mind to't, 'tis deny'd me.
Oh ! HYMEN, HYMEN, for my Quiet,
Contract my *Stomach*, or enlarge my *Diet*.

E P I T A P H.

U N D E R this Marble PEGGY lies,
Who did so often spread her —,
And made PHILANDER's Courage rise.

This Morsel of delicious *Lust*,
That kiss'd with so sincere a *Gust*,
Is now dissolv'd to common *Dust*.

a stanza omitted
Her Limbs that us'd to move so nice,
And taste *Love's* Pleasures in a Trice,
Are now, alas ! as cold as Ice.

To tell the Truth as short as can be,
She kill'd herself with drinking Brandy,
And all for her dear JACK-A-DANDY.

Thus did our charming *Nymph* expire,
According to her Heart's Desire,
And as she liv'd, she dy'd by *Fire*.

* *Nector*, my Boy, of thee I beg,
Not to forget the illustrious PEG,
But o'er her *Tomb* lift up thy Leg.

* Name of his Dog,

B 6

Then

Then *piss* such Deluges of Rain
 In so exuberant a Strain,
 As shall o'erflow the World again.

This Tribute's to her Ashes due,
 Whose Loss ten thousand *Youths* will rue;
 And so immortal PEG, adieu.

On MARRIAGE.

THE *Husband's* the Pilot, the *Wife* is the
 Ocean,

He's always in Danger, she always in Motion.
 And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his
 Carcass,

Twice ventures a drowning; and faith, that's a
 hard Case:

E'vn at our own Weapons the *Females* defeat us,
 And Death, only Death, can sign our *Quietus*.
 Not to tell you sad Stories of Liberty lost,
 How our Joys are all pall'd, and our Pleasures are
 crost,

This *Pagan* Confinement, this damnable Station,
 Suits no Order, nor Age, nor Degree in the Na-
 tion.

The *Levite* it keeps from *parochial* Duty,
 For who can at once mind *Religion* and *Beauty*?
 The *Rich* it alarms with Expences and Trouble,
 And a *poor* Beast, you know, will scarce carry
 double.

'Twas

'Twas invented, they say, to keep us from falling,
 Oh, the *Virtue* and *Grace* of a shrill Catterwauling!
 But it pales in our Game. Ay, but how do you
 know, Sir,
 How often your Neighbour breaks up the En-
 closure.
 For this is the principal Comfort of *Marriage*,
 You must eat, tho' an hundred have spit in your
 Porridge.

True *Woman* ne'er minds a *Sermon* or *Lecture*,
 Her *Glass* is her Guide, and her *Ghostly* Director,
 Then she primes her gay Looks with an early De-
 votion!

There she paints, and she patches, and studies
 each Motion.

Not to please the dull Sight of her *Conjugal* Satyr,
 But charm and confound ev'ry gaping Spectator.
 If at Night you're unactive, and fail of performing,
 Enter *Thunder*, and *Light'ning*, and *Blood-shed*
 next Morning.

Cry's the *Bone* of your Side, thanks dear Mr.
 HORNER,

This comes of your finning with Crape in a
 Corner:

Then to make up the Breach, all your Might you
 must rally,

And *labour* and *sweat*, like a Slave at the Galley.
 Yet still you must charge, *Oh* blessed Condition!
 Tho' you know to your Cost, you've no more
 Ammunition.

'Till

'Till at last, my dear mortify'd Tool of a *Man*,
You're not able to make a poor *Flash in the Pan*.
Fire, Female, and Flood, begin with a Letter,
And the World for them all scarce a Farthing's the
better:

The *Flood* soon is gone, and your *Fire* you may
humble,

If into the Flames Store of Water you tumble;
But the *Fire of a Female*, on the Word of a Friend,
Is ne'er to be quench'd, but burns World without
end.

You may call half the Engines and Pumps in the
Nation,

To extinguish the Flame, and allay *Tittilation*;
But may *piss* out as well the last *Conflagration*.

Thus, *Sir*, I have sent you my Thoughts of the
Matter,

Judge you as you please, but I scorn to flatter.

For as Resistance feeds the *Flame*

And fanns the dying *Fire*!

So dull Enjoyment spoils the Game,

By palling the Desire.

A TALE.

FOR Arms to shield the *Phrygian* Knight,
In warm Encounters, vent'rous Fight;
Her *Cuckold VENUS* coax'd one Day,
The Gipsy has a winning Way,

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She press'd, he melted, she was blest;
 Who would not melt when VENUS press'd?
 The blended *Oar* now thrice had boil'd,
 The *Cavern* smok'd, the *Cyclops* toil'd;
 Work of a GOD! the Arms appear,
 Arms! might beseem a GOD to wear;
 But which provided Mettle shewn,
 The LEMNIAN King, or PAPHIAN Queen,
 Is still in Doubt —————
 Tho' if we state the Matter fair,
 The *Wife* had sure the most to spare;
 And could you think it better done,
 To make, than to preserve a Son?

But waving this — the Arms were wrought,
 And to the TROJAN *Hero* brought,
 With Joy, he took the wond'rous Boon,
 Made a rough Scrape, and put 'em on;
 For *Soldiers* then (unlike these now)
 Know better how to *Fight*, than *Bow*.

Thus far, all Matters went to please ye,
 VENUS was merry; VULCAN easy;
 For he, unless inspir'd by drinking,
 Was not addicted much to thinking;
 But soon a solemn Feast ensu'd,
 For which much NECTAR had been brew'd!
 JOVE's *Wedding-Day*, O Day of Thrall!
 And now the GODS were summon'd all
 To meet, and Tipple in his Hall.

}
 Old

Old VULCAN came among the rest,
 To raise the Mirth, improve the Jest;
 Too weak his Brains were for a Drinker,
 JOVE, therefore, wisely made him *Skinker*.
 With Hand unsteady, Feet unsound,
 And aukward Gate he limp'd around.
 'Twas DIAN's turn (a *prudish* Lass,
 Who, 'spite of Thirst, would baulk her Glafs.)
 You *Prudes* (quoth VULCAN, half in Jest)
 Refuse a good Thing, tho' *Home-prest* —
 ENDYMION once ——— come, make no Rout,
 But take your Cup, or all shall out.

Here (whether thro' Effect of Guilt,
 Or his rude Push) the *Wine* was spilt:
 Her mantling Blood soon spoke her Ire,
 Her glowing Cheeks; Eyes darting Fire;
 For why? by double Motion pain'd,
 Her *Rep*, and *Petticoat* were stain'd.

Hence! *hammer Arms* (quoth she, thou *Daftard*)
 For thy lewd *Wife's* vile TROJAN *Bastard* —
 I own indeed ——— so never fret
 'Tis *Justice* to repay a Debt;
 And sure enough GOD MARS and *she*,
 Long since, a *Head-piece* made for thee;
 He *scowl'd*, she *pouted*, VENUS maunder'd,
 And all protested they were slander'd.
 The Bowl was out, the GODS arise,
 'Tis said, more merry too than wise;

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And each, Salutes and Congees ended,
 With Steps unsteady, Homeward tended;
 The *moody VULCAN* and his *Bride*,
 Together pac'd it Side by Side;
 In Silence sad their Pace they steer,
 (*He dumb thro' Rage, she aw'd by Fear*)
 To *Lemnos Isle*, a smoaky Place,
 Dire Enemy to *beauteous Face*)
 Arriv'd! his Anger long Ypent,
 Now lab'ring upwards, gain'd a Vent ———
Must I for Brats! ——— but Talk is vain,
 Look, *Madam*, yonder stands your Chain.
 From *Marriage-Vows* so oft to trip ———
 Here! *POLYPHEMUS!* *bring the Whip.*

But stop, my *Muse*, nor be it nam'd,
 How *VENUS' Body* was profan'd;
 Those who would more, let them enquire
 Of that base Tribe devoid of Fire;
 Who' think to court their *Goddeſs Grace*,
 By Imitation of her Caſe;
 Wretches, with *Paſſions groſs and dull*,
 By *Filts*, and *Bawds*, teem'd *Flogging-Cull*.
 Suffice it, *each* their *Weapon* us'd,
 She was well *beaten*, He *abus'd*:
 But from that Day, with Iron ſated,
 Its very Name's by *VENUS* hated.
 Her Warriours Valour, you may note,
 Lies ſeldom deeper than the *Coat*;
Captains of Blood, who ſcorn the Guilt,
 Nor e'er ſaw more of *Sword* than *Hilt*;

For

For these her *Sons*, without the Aid
 Of *Spouse*, new Armour she has made!
 Hence the old *Churl's* neglected Ware,
 His *Brass* and *Steel*, are banish'd fair;
 Their Coat of Mail, the Gift of *Love*,
 Is soft, and pliant, as a Glove;
 The interceptive Shield they bear,
 Fit only too for *Love* to wear:
 On this, no Images are plac'd,
 Of Ages present, Ages past;
 The *Wolf-nurs'd-Twins*, the Rise of *ROME*,
 The ravish'd *SABINES*, *METIUS'* Doom;
 Were *cautelously* banish'd hence,
 Lest the rough Surface damp the Sense:
 Its Colour, as you here may view,
 A *dirty Yellow*, bound with *Blue*;
 Of Parent Wave, from whence it came,
 Still mindful, the *ITALIAN Dame*,
 Ordains it shall all Sizes fit,
 Provided, that it first be *wet*;
 And when put off to End of Time,
 Should smell of *Fish*, and feel of *Slime*.

Safely the well-cas'd Warriour goes,
 Thro' Squadrons of the *Goddeſs*, Foes,
 The *Buboe*, *Cordee*, and *Phymosis*,
 The *Shanker*, *Ficus*, *Exostocis*;
 (With all the num'rous Store of Ills,
St. Thomas cures, and *Drury feels*)
 Nor need when each, or all appear,
 Give back, or seem appal'd with Fear,

These

These Arms, preventive, render vain,
 APOLLO, and his idle Train ;
 By these defended, he lays by,
 Now useless grown, each old Ally :
Lint, Syringe, Gally-Pot and Phial,
 And *self-Protective*, stands the Trial.

An EPIGRAM.

THY Cheeks having their Roses shed,
 And thy whole Frame thro' Age become
 So loathsome for all Use in *Bed*,
 That 'tis much fitter for a *Tomb* ;

COCCA, thou should'st not be so vain,
 Although thy Eloquence be great,
 And to expect it should obtain
 That I should do the filthy Feat :

And that same Engine in your Hand
 You cherish, court, and flatter so,
 Now you have made him bravely stand,
 Is not so charitable though.

As in his vigorous Youth to be
 A Crutch to your Antiquity.

EPI-

EPIGRAM *writ in Calista's Prayer-Book.*

WHILST you are deaf to *Love*, you may,
 Fairest CALISTA, weep and pray,
 And yet, alas! no Mercy find;
 Not but GOD's merciful, 'tis true,
 But can you think he'll grant to you
 What you deny to all *Mankind*?

S O N G.

I.

HOW comes it to pass with so little adoe
 That I've broke all my Fetters and Chains,
 And that no Remembrance of all my great Woe
 But like that of a Tale now remains?
 I no more for a Star now do PHILLIS esteem,
 And all her Perfections to me now do seem
 But like Dreams when I've addled my Brains.

II.

I am now quite asham'd to see how she looks,
 And no more the same *Fair* that before;
 Those *Beauties* all gone put me so off the Hooks,
 And so troubled my Coxcomb of Yore;
 I now see all the Shot that she made was false Fire,
 And those murdering Charms I so much did admire
 Were Defects, mere Defects, and no more.

III.

III.

The *Sun*, or yet *Love*, are no more in her Eyes,
 They're as dim as a Nail's in a Door,
 She's so far with her Charms from gaining a Prize,
 That I doubt she must now run o'th' Score;
 And for that we call *Mistress* so monstrous unfit
 To any *Man* living that has Grace or Wit,
 That she's scarce good enough for a *Whore*.

IV.

Yet, Sot that I was, I did once cry and blubber
 For this damnable Piece of Infection,
 Which none would have done but an Owl and a
 Lubber,
 But his Sense would have been his Protection;
 And for which on myself I will now pass this Sen-
 tence;
 That to th' Hour of my Death I will weep for
 Repentance
 That I ever did weep for Affection.

V.

Farewel then, O PHILLIS, it is the GODS Plea-
 sure
 That I Reason might see to forsake you,
 To open my Eyes, then out of *Love's* Treasure
 Please t'accept of this Farewel I make you;
 'Tis a Compliment that is most justly your Due,
 And but what in Times past I took kindly from
 you,
 Ugly PHILLIS, a *Whore's* Son Pox take you.

O D E.

O D E.

I.

WAS ever *Man* of Nature's framing
 So given o'er to roving,
 Who has been twenty Years a taming
 By Ways that are not worth the naming,
 And now must die of *Loving*?

II.

Hell take me if *she* been't so winning
 That now I *love* her mainly,
 And tho' in Jest at the Beginning,
 Yet now I'd wond'rous fain be sinning,
 And so have told her plainly.

III.

At which she cries I do not *love* her,
 And tells me of her *Honour*,
 Then I have no Way to disprove her,
 And my true Passion to discover,
 But streight to fall upon her.

IV.

Which done, forsooth, she talks of Wedding,
 But what will that avail her?
 For tho' I am old Dog at Bedding,
 I'm yet a *Man* of so much Reading,
 That there I sure shall fail her.

V.

No, hang me if I ever marry,
 'Till *Woman-kind* grow stancher;
 I do delight Delights to vary,
 And love not in one Hulk to tarry,
 But only trim and launch her.

MADRIGAL.

TO be a *Whore*, despight of Grace,
 Good Council and an ugly Face,
 And to distribute still the *P—x*,
 To *Men* of Wit
 Will seem a Kind of Paradox;
 And yet
 Thou art a *Whore*, despight of Grace,
 Good Council and an ugly Face.

CLEPSYDRA.

I.

WHY, let it run! who bids it stay?
 Let us the while be merry;
 Time there in Water creeps away,
 With us it posts in *Sherry*.

II.

II.

Time not employ'd 's an empty Sound,
Nor did kind *Heaven* lend it,
But that the Glafs should quick go round,
And *Men* in Pleasure spend it.

III.

Then set thy Foot, brave *Boy* to mine,
Ply quick to cure our thinking;
An Hour-Glafs in an Hour of Wine
Would be but lazy drinking.

IV.

The *Man* that snores the Hour-Glafs out
Is truly a Time-waster,
But we who troll this Glafs about,
Make him to post it faster.

V.

Yet tho' he flies so fast, some think,
'Tis well known to the Sages,
He'll not refuse to stay and drink,
And yet perform his Stages.

VI.

Time waits us whilst we crown the Hearth,
And dotes on Rubic Faces,
And knows that this Career of Mirth
Will help to mend our Paces.

VII.

He stays with him who loves good Time,
And never does refuse it,
And only runs away from him
That knows not how to use it:

VIII.

He only steals by without Noise
From those in Grief that waste it,
But lives with the mad roaring Boys
That husband it, and taste it.

IX.

The *Moralist* perhaps may prate
Of *Virtue* from his reading,
'Tis all but stale and foisted Chat
To *Men* of better Breeding.

X.

Time, to define it, is the Space
That *Men* enjoy their Being;
'Tis not the Hour, but drinking Glass,
Makes Time and Life agreeing.

XI.

He wisely does oblige his Fate
Does chearfully obey it,
And is of Fops the greatest, that
By Temp'rance thinks to stay it.

XII.

Come, ply the Glas then quick about,
To titillate the Gullet,
Sobriety's no Charm, I doubt,
Against a Cannon-Bullet.

To CHLORIS.

I.

LORD! how you take upon you still!
How you crow and domineer!
How! still expect to have your Will,
And carry the Dominion clear,
As you were still the same as once you were!

II.

Fie, CHLORIS, 'tis a gross mistake,
Correct your Error, and be wise,
I kindly still your Kindness take,
But yet have learn'd, tho' Love I prize,
Yet froward Humours to despise,
And now disdain to call them Cruelties.

III.

I was a Fool whilst you were fair,
And I had Youth t'excuse it,
And all the rest are so that Lovers are;
I then myself your Vassal swear,
And could be still so, (which is rare;)

Nay,

Nay, I could force my Will
 To *Love*, and at a good Rate still,
 But on Condition that you not abuse it ;
 I am now Master of the Gate,
 And therefore, CHLORIS, 'tis too late
 Or to insult, or to capitulate.

IV.

'Tis *Beauty* that to *Womankind*
 Gives all the Rule and Sway,
 Which once declining, or declin'd,
Men afterwards unwillingly obey ;
 Your *Beauty* 'twas at first did awe me,
 And into Bondage, woful Bondage draw me ;
 I was your Cheek, your Eye, your Lip,
 Which rais'd you first to the Dictator-ship :

V.

But your six Months are now expir'd
 'Tis Time I now should reign,
 And if from you *Obedience* be requir'd,
 You must not to submit disdain,
 But practise what y've seen me do,
 And *Love* and *Honour* me as I did you ;
 That will an everlasting Peace maintain,
 And make me crown you Sovereign once again.

VI.

And faith consult your Glafs, and see
 If I han't Reason on my Side ;
 Are those Eyes still the same they us'd to be ?
 Come, come, they're alter'd, 'twill not be
 deny'd,

And yet although the Glafs be true,
 And ſhew you, you no more are you,
 I know you'll ſcarce believe it,
 For *Womankind* are all born *proud*, and never,
 never leave it.

VII.

Yet ſtill you have enough, and more than needs,
 To rule a more rebellious Heart than mine;
 For as your Eyes ſtill ſhoot my Heart ſtill bleeds,
 And I muſt be a Subject ſtill,
 Nor is it much againſt my Will,
 Tho' I pretend to wreſtle and repine:
 Your *Beauties* ſweet are in their Height,
 And I muſt ſtill adore,
 New Years, new Graces ſtill create,
 Nay, maugre Time, Miſchance and Fate,
 You in your very Ruins ſhall have more
 Than all the *Beauties* that have grac'd the World
 before.

ODE to *ÆLIA*.

POOOR antiquated Slut, forbear,
 Thy Importunity's ſo ſtrong,
 It will, I fear, corrupt the Air,
 And do an univerſal Wrong.

Be modest, or I swear and vow,
 I neither can nor will be kind;
 Pox on't! now thou dost clam'rous grow,
 There's no enduring in the Wind.

Whilst Silence did thy Thoughts betray,
 I only was the Sufferer;
 But now thy Lungs begin to play,
 All the whole Province suffers here.

Faith, ÆLIA, if thou be'st so hot,
 That nor Satiety, nor Age,
 Can cool the over-boiling-Pot,
 Nor thy ebullient Lust assuage.

Yet be so charitably kind,
 Though *damn'd* thou art resolv'd to be,
 As not to poison all Mankind
 By fulsome Importunity.

But sure 'tis Time we should give o'er,
 And if I mourn my Time mispent,
 How much for fifty Years of *Whore*
 Hast thou, poor ÆLIA, to repent?

Yet, if in spite of all Advice
 Thou needs wilt importune me still,
 I am not so reclaim'd from Vice,
 But I can satisfy thy Will:

And 'twill to my Advantage be ;
 For should I new Amours begin,
 Delight might *damn* me, when with thee
 The *Pennance* expatiates the *Sin*.

E P I G R A M.

I F by her Hairs LIVIA's Age be told,
 'Tis soon cast up, that she is *three* Years old.

E P I G R A M.

SOME four Years ago I made PHILLIS an
 Offer,
 Provided she would be my *Wh—re*,
 Of two Thousand good Crowns to put in her
 Coffers,
 And I think should have given her more.

About two Years after, a Message she sent me,
 She was for a Thousand my own,
 But unless for an Hundred she now would content
 me,
 I sent her Word I would have none.

She fell to my Price six or seven Weeks after,
 And then for a Hundred would do ;
 I then told her in vain she talk'd of the Matter,
 Then Twenty no farther I'd go.

T'other

T'other Day for six *Ducatoons* she was willing,
 Which I thought a great deal too dear,
 And told her unless it would come for *two Shilling*,
 She must seek a Chapman elsewhere.

This Morning she's come, and would fain buckle
Gratis,
 But she's grown so fulsome a *Wh—re*,
 That now methinks nothing a far dearer Rate is,
 Than all that I proffer'd before.

EPIGRAM.

OLD *Fop*, why should you take such Pains
 To Paint and Perriwig it so?
 My nobler *Love*, alas! disdains
 To stoop so infamously low.

Time, that does mow the fairest Flow'rs,
 Has made so very bold with yours,
 You should expect to be deny'd;
 The Footmen can no more endure ye,
 And if no Sport in Hell, assure ye,
 You'll never more be occupy'd.

S O N N E T.

HOW should'st thou *Love*, and not offend?
 Why, CLORIS, I will tell thee how,
 As thou did'st once, so *Love* me now,
 And lye with me, and there's an End.

Thou only art enjoyn'd (*my sweet*)
 To keep thy Reputation high,
 And that indeed is Secrecy,
 Since all do err, tho' all not see't.

Then *fairest*, fearless of all Blame,
 That sacred Treasure of thy Name
 Into my faithful Arms commit;
 Thou once did'st trust me with thy Fame,
 I then was just and true to it,
 And, CLORIS, I am still the same.

E P I G R A M.

FIE, DELIA, talk no more of *Love*,
 It galls me to the Heart,
 You three-score are, I doubt above,
 For all your plaist'ring Art.

And therefore spare your Pains you may;
 For though you press me Night and Day,

I cant' do that my Soul abhors :
 Or by your Art's Assistance, tho' I might
 Prevail upon my Appetite,
 I durst not couple, tho' I swear
 With you, of all the World, for fear
 Of *cuckolding* my *Ancestors*.

EPIGRAM.

WE drink in Glafs, thou MYRRH, PON-
 TICUS; why?
 Left Glafs of two Wines make Discovery.

CHANSON a BOIRE.

I.

COME let's mind our *drinking*,
 Away with this thinking;
 It ne'er, that I heard of, did any one good;
 Prevents not Disaster,
 But brings it on faster,
 Mischance is by Mirth and by Courage with-
 stood.

He ne'er can recover
 The Day that is over,
 The present is with us and threatens no Ill;
 He's a Fool that will sorrow
 For the Thing call'd To-morrow,
 But the Hour we've in Hand we may weild as
 we will.

There's nothing but *Bacchus*
 Right merry can make us
 That *Virtue* peculiar is to the *Vine*;
 It fires ev'ry Creature
 With Wit and good Nature,
 Whose Thoughts can be dark when their
 Noses do shine?

A Night of good drinking
 Is worth a Year's thinking,
 There's nothing that kills us so surely as
 Sorrow;
 Then to drown our Cares Boys
 Let's drink up the Stars Boys,
 Each Face of the Gang will a *Sun* be To-
 morrow.

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE, thy Face I do not prize,
 Neither thy *Neck*, thy *Hands*, nor *Thighs*,
 Nor *Breasts*, *Hips*, *Haunches*, *Legs*, nor *Feet*,
 Nor what thou think'st more *tempting* yet;
 And not t'insist on every Part,
 I could want all, with all my Heart.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

I.

PISH! 'tis an idle fond Excuse,
And *Love*, enrag'd by this Abuse,
Is deaf to any longer Truce.

II.

My Zeal, to *Lust* you still impute,
And when I justify my Suit,
You tell me, 'tis *forbidden Fruit*.

III.

What tho' your Face be *Apple* round,
And with a rosy Colour crown'd?
Yet, *sweet*, it is no *Apple* found.

IV.

Nor have you ought resembling more
That fatal Fruit the Tree once bore,
But that indeed your Heart's a *Core*.

V.

'Tis true, the Bliss that I would taste,
Is something *lower* than the Waist,
And in your Garden's Center plac'd.

VI.

A Tree of Life too, I confess,
Tho' but *Arbustular* in Dress,
Yet not forbidden ne'ertheless.

VII.

It is a tempting Golden Tree,
Which all Men must desire that see,
Tho' it concern'd *Eternity*.

VIII.

Then, since those Blessings are thine own,
Not subject to Contrition,
Then, fairest, sweetest, grant me one.

IX.

Thy *Dragon*, wrapt in Drowsiness,
Ne'er thinks whose Bed thy Beauties bless,
Nor dreams of his *Hesperides*.

EPIGRAM.

BASSA, thou say'st, thour't *fair*, and a
Maid too,
Bassa, thou often say'st what is not true.

O D E

ODE to CELIA.

I.

WHEN, CELIA, must my old Day set
 And my young Morning rise,
 In Beams of Joy so bright as yet
 Ne'er blest'd a *Lover's* Eyes,
 My State is more advanc'd, than when
 I first attempted thee;
 I su'd to be a Servant then,
 But now to be made free.

II.

I've serv'd my Time faithful and true,
 Expecting to be plac'd,
 In happy Freedom, as my Due,
 To all the Joys thou hast:
 Ill Husbandry in *Love* is such
 A Scandal to *Love's* Pow'r,
 We ought not to mispend so much
 As one poor short-liv'd Hour.

III.

Yet think not (sweet) I'm weary grown,
 That I pretend such Haste,

Since

Since none to surfeit e'er was known,
 Before he had a Taste;
 My Infant *Love* could humbly wait,
 When young it scarce knew how
 To plead; but grown to *Man's* Estate
 He is impatient now.

An EPI T A P H.

IN this cold Monument lies one,
 That I know who' has laid upon,
 The happier he; her Sight would charm,
 And Touch have kept *King DAVID* warm.
Lovely, as is the dawning East,
 Was this Marbles frozen Guest;
 As soft, and snowy, as that Down
 Adorns the Blow-balls frizled Crown;
 As freight and slender as the Crest,
 Or antlet of the one-beam'd Breast;
 Pleasant as th'odorous Month of *May*:
 As glorious, and as light as Day.

Whom I admir'd, as soon as knew,
 And now her Memory pursue
 With such a superstitious Lust,
 That I could *fumble* with her Dust.

She

She all Perfections had, and more,
Tempting, as if design'd a *Wh—re*,
For so she was; and since there are
Such, I could wish them all as fair,

Pretty she was, and young and wise,
And in her Calling so precise,
That Industry had made her prove
The *Sucking School-Mistress* of Love:
And *Death*, ambitious to become
Her Pupil, left his ghostly Home,
And, seeing how we us'd her here,
The raw-bon'd Rascal *ravish'd* her.

Who', pretty Soul, resign'd her Breath,
To seek new *Letchery* in *Death*.

E P I G R A M.

WHEN *Lupus* has wrought hard all Day,
And the declining *Sun*,
By stooping to embrace the Sea,
Tells him the Day's nigh done;

Then

Then to his young *Wife* home he hies
 With his sore Labour sped,
 Who bids him welcome home, and cries,
Pray Husband come to bed.
 Thanks, Wife, quoth he, but I were blest,
 Would'st thou once call me to my Rest.

Drive on Coachman..

A T A L E.

WH O Woman would debar, from Ill,
 Thinks what's ne'er done, nor ever will ;
 For from the Time that Mother EVE,
 First shew'd her Daughters to deceive ;
 From that grand Precedent of Evil,
 Taught by their Grandfire, old Sir D—l ;
 They scorn, by her, to be out-done,
 And have improv'd it ten to one ;
 The Padlock, Bolt, the strongest Chain,
 And watchful Guards are all in vain ;
 If *Lust* once fires a Female Mind,
 To every other Passion blind,
 That *one* alone still gratify,
 And gain her Point, or gladly die.
 Tho' close lock'd up, leave her a Chink,
 And give her Brain but Time to think ;
 Spite of all Fate, she'll thee cornute,
 Or make the very Eccho do't.

If

If all th' *Italian's* Art you use,
 Or *Spain's* more cautious Methods chuse ;
 Give her but Room to look or move,
 Thy baffl'd *Art* must yield to *Love*.

Old Legends say, an *Holy Saint*,
 To take off *Lust's* too noisome Taint ;
 And Abstinence to Man to shew,
 With Care pick'd up a *Wife of Snow*.
 That long the good old Man lay by her,
 'Till he had well-nigh chill'd Desire ;
 While she, form'd on a *Female Plan*,
 Tho' cold as *Ice*, yet thought of *Man* :
 The Hermit's Virtue stronger grew,
 No more the Smarts of Lust he knew ;
 But saw neglected, by his Side,
 His beauteous, chaste, and new-made Bride.
 Like other Wives, this Lady too
 Wou'd oft complain, she 'ad not her *Due*.
 A Soldier soon her Heart alarms,
 Without Reserve she yields her Charms ;
 And while the Saint went out to pray,
 The Soldier melted her away.
 The Morals this — no Wife so chaste,
 But, *rightly* su'd, will yield at last.

Unequal Matches burst in twain
 The sacred Links of *HYMEN's* Chain ;
 They damp his Torch, his Bed defile,
 And turn to Frowns *Love's* ev'ry Smile.

Can

If

Can Age and Youth at once agree?
As well may *Frost* and *Sunshine* be.

The Man that weds a beauteous Dame,
Unqualify'd to quench Love's Flame;
Who feebly droops, and idly toils
For Joys, when Age his Vigour foils:
When eager, blushing, to her Bed
The youthful wanton Girl is led;
Her Veins will eager Torrent's swell,
And languid Eyes her Wishes tell;
While the dull Wretch, whom Fortune join'd,
To all her fond Endearments blind,
Past all Emotions of Delight,
Snores out the tedious Bridal Night.
Can such a Fair one bear Neglect?
Or what, but *Horns*, can he expect?
Of this the Instances are Plenty;
But one may serve as well as twenty.

Miss *Molly* was a youthful Toast,
Her Parent's Pride, and all their Boast;
Their Heiress, and their only Child:
'Tis true Miss was a little wild:
But what in former Times was so,
Is only counted *Spirit* now:
O'er Footmen's Backs she'd often ride;
And twenty other Tricks beside:
She lov'd to hear the Servants Chat,
And at Twelve Years knew *what was what*;

Would.

Would often get the Maids alone,
 To hear Love Feats which they had done.
 At Church, o' *Sunday*, well she knew,
 Thro' all the Village *who* kiss'd *who* ;
 Could tell how th' 'Squire's Wife was caught
 With Chaplain sleek, in Action naught ;
 Yet how she turn'd off *John* and *Nell*,
 'Cause the poor Girl began to swell.
 Equipp'd with Scandal, Pride and Prate,
 Her Father's Fondness and Estate :
 The Boarding-School must end her quite,
 And make her *modernly* polite :
 There *Dancing*, *Love*, and *French* she found,
Plays and *Romances* neatly bound ;
 Till form'd according to the Fashion,
 The brightest *Belle* in all the Nation :
 The prudent Mother thought it Time
 To watch her closely in her Prime ;
 Lest *Love* should take too deep a Root,
 And buzzing Wasps corrupt the Fruit.
 For Miss, she knew, had too much Wit ;
 Besides, was for a Husband fit ;
 And when the Hoyden grows so large,
 Parents are weary of their Charge,
 While single, if she falls to Shame,
 'Tis they, or she, must bear the Blame :
 But let her once take Spouse upon her,
 And he takes all her Sins of Honour.
 Thus the old Lady wisely said,
 The Girl has yet a Maidenhead ;

So

Would

So Meat, in Winter, will last long,
Which instantly, in Heat, grows strong ;
Therefore, dear Husband, let her wed ;
We've done, when once she's put to bed.

So said, so done, — a Spouse was sought,
With Wealth much more than Wisdom fraught.
He'd fin'd for Sheriff, and each Year,
Hop'd that his May'rality was near.
At first, with Nothing he began,
An honest, downright, trading Man ;
Success encreas'd his little Store,
And ev'ry Venture made it more ;
In several Vessels he had Shares,
And dealt in various Kind of Wares,
Yet punctual was in all Affairs.
For many Years he thus had thriv'd,
And yet a Batchelor had liv'd ;
'Till he began to think at last,
'Twas Time the bitter Draught to taste.
To the old *Don* he made Address,
And ask'd in Marriage pretty *Miss*.
He knew her Fortune to a Pound,
Her Houses and adjacent Ground ;
And as for Beauty what car'd he,
Wealth is enough, he cries, for me ;
Let other Lovers Features trace,
Smit with an Eye, or handsome Face,
While silly Girls seek youthful Boys,
And barter Wealth for am'rous Joys ;

Tell

Tell her, if she is but discreet,
 She'll be rejoic'd my Flame to meet ;
 For, tell her, at my first Approach,
 For her Sake, I'll set up my Coach.
 Beside, too what's another Case,
 In a small Time she'll take due Place ;
 Nor be by meaner Ladies slighted,
 — For, next Address, I shall be *knighted*.

At this, the good old Sir content,
 (The Jointure settled) gave Consent :
 Miss was ne'er ask'd, she must comply,
 Nor dare her Dad's Commands deny.
 The Time was fix'd, — the Couple join'd,
 To mutual Misery confin'd ;
 An odder Match is seldom seen,
 He *Fifty-six*, she scarce *Fifteen*.
 The Feasting o'er, the Time was come,
 That Spouse and Miss must journey home.

And now begins the Scene of Life,
 The modish Matrimonial Strife :
 He's up at Five, to mind his Men,
 She yawns, but half awake at Ten ;
 The Chocolate i'th' Bed serv'd up,
 Her fav'rite Lap-Dog breaks the Cup.
 The Toilet then in Order sat,
 She faints at the old fashion'd Plate ;
 Straight News is brought, — when, fresh Surprise !
 Miss *Lordly's* Chariot wounds her Eyes ;

She

She swoons, that such a Flirt as she,
 In Equipage should finer be.
 Then Spouse hath naught but Frowns and Spleen,
 Till in a new *Landau* she's seen :
 Then, for the World, she would not miss
 The Birth-day Ball, that Scene of Bliss ;
 When lo, a fresh Expence comes on,
 The King, untimely, knights Sir JOHN.
 A Title now the Fair attains,
 Her City Friends at once disdains ;
 To grand Assemblies makes Resort,
 And shines a blooming *Belle* at Court.
 Free at all Feasts, the Cost's not great,
 She only in her Turn must treat ;
 And if she excels in her Repast,
 'Tis but to shew her better Taste.

But here the gnawing Vulture lay,
 Tormenting her both Night and Day ;
 From Nuptial Sheets she hop'd for more
 Than barely greeting with a Snore ;
 Her Breast, while eager Transports burn,
 Sh' expected to find a Return.
 But all in vain ; she'd sigh and grumble,
 From Side to Side still restless tumble ;
 Think on this Beau, and that she'd seen ;
 Then sobbing cry — *I'm but Fifteen ! —*
What ! am I deem'd my Youth to waste,
Nor once the Joys of others taste !
I've heard, in Marriage Maids find Bliss ;
Lord help 'em, if 'tis such as this —

Then

Then would she cry — *pray wake, Sir JOHN!*
I'm very ill — Oh! I shall swoon.
 The Knight, who knew no Joy but Sleep,
 Would still his wonted Custom keep.
 And, as she sighs and grieves the more,
 The louder doth his Worship snore.

Her Blood in warmest Torrents flows;
 Her Breast with softest Wishes glows;
 The Passion spreads thro' all her Veins,
 Which, faintly, Modesty restrains;
 Enrag'd to see her slighted Love,
 She vows its utmost Bliss to prove:
Lie there, she cries, void of Desire,
For what would even Hermits fire;
No more will I resign my Charms,
To drowsy Dreams, and sapless Arms;
Be't all thy Care to board up Coin;
To find an Heir for thee, be mine.

A Thing *resolv'd* by Woman's done;
 (Their Thoughts to Action urges soon)
 Her useful Confident's the Maid,
 A perfect Artist in her Trade,
 Gives her Advice; 'tis Shame, she cries,
 To waste the Fire of such bright Eyes;
 Those Veins with eager Joy that swell,
 May embrace a youthful Swain as well:
 Ah! Madam! Thousands daily pine,
 Those Limbs, in Transports, to entwine;

Exert

Then

Exert your Spirit, point your Charms,
 And lure some Hero to your Arms.
 Where is the Sin, when Lovers sue,
 To grant the blooming Youth his Due?
 Or, to the feeble Wretch, refuse,
 The Joys he knows not how to use?
 Why must your beauteous Beams impart,
 A Warmth to chear his frozen Heart?
 Must these smooth pliant Limbs unite
 With an old Trunk, the Thunders blight?
 Can hoary Age, or plodding Care delight,
 While Pleasures circling round you flight?
 I see each Look your Soul betrays,
 To gayer Objects, Fancy strays;
 The languid Eye, the heaving Breast,
 And short-breath'd Murmurs speak the rest.

The Fair replies, — my Fault I own,
 The Name of Husband's nauseous grown;
 The Courtiers whisper in the Dark,
 A Smile from some well-powder'd Spark;
 And often, as I careless stand,
 An accidental Squeeze o'the Hand,
 Enchants my Soul, — I melt all o'er,
 And Love breaths forth at every Pore.
 But something still, methinks, I want,
 Something that more should me enchant.
 Here then my Resolution ends;
 On next Attack my *all* depends:
 The first gay Courtier in the Dance,
 The first that makes the least Advance,

When

When Passions raise my Spirits high,
 And Love sits pregnant in my Eye,
 To him, the Fort will quickly yield,
 And leave him Conqueror of the Field.

Would you, says *Sall*, the Transports know,
 The Sweets that from Enjoyment flow;
 The puny, half-got Courtier shun;
 By them Love's Prize was never won;
 Fond of the *Fame* of an *Affair*,
 Performance is their smallest Care.
 Rather some brawny Porter take,
 And shrink the Sinews of his Back.
 But know, well learn'd in am'rous Play;
 My Art shall point a better Way.
 When Courtiers, Rakes and Beaus have fail'd,
 A menial Slave hath oft' prevail'd:
 How many a noble Lord and Duke,
 Wears now the *Father-Footman's* Look?
 Tho' of mean Station, Love's the same —
 — Besides, it oft conceals the Shame.
 Say, could my Interest procure,
 A Man to *secret Service* sure;
 One that would grant you full Desire;
 And then, when bade, as soon retire;
 Would you the happy Choice refuse?
 Or gladly the Occasion use?
 One whom no softer Airs debase,
 The Features of his Manly Face;
 His sparkling Eyes with Warmth declare,
 He's ever pleasing to the Fair;

D

His

When

His Limbs in just Proportion move,
 Pliant, and form'd to heighten Love.
 He's daily near your Person seen ;
 Your *Footman* Tom — 'tis him I mean.
 Right, I remember what an Eye,
 A Leer, he cast, as he went by,
 One Morn, as shifting me I stood ;
 I own, it warm'd my very Blood.
 Strait bring him up, I hate Delay ;
 My Soul is eager for the Fray.
 The Maid's dispatch'd, with proper Care,
 The happy Vassal to prepare.

All Things were right, — the Nymph alone;
 The Knight to the *Exchange* was gone ;
 The *Light*, thro' crimson Curtains glow'd,
 Sweet Effence round the Room was strow'd.
 On damask Couch the Fair repos'd,
 In cool Undress ; her Eyes half clos'd,
 Now languish, and now shine more bright,
 Impatient for th' approaching Fight.
 In careless Indolence she laid,
 Her Limbs in various Forms display'd,
 Her Arm encircled round her Head ;
 The Brilliant on her Finger dies,
 At the true Lustre of her Eyes.
 While on the Couch one Leg extends,
 The other on the Side depends ;
 Thence the loose Night-Gown, thrown aside,
 But half the Iv'ry Thigh doth hide ;

Where

Where Veins in bluer Torrents stray,
 Like Streams thro' Snow, that shape the Way.
Love's sacred Grove, the bubbling Spring,
 That gives the Lover's Fancy wing,
 But by the slender Lawn conceal'd,
 A dawning Bliss of Joy reveal'd ;
 For where the folding Plaits were spread,
 The Light the *hidden Brown* betray'd.
 The waving Ruffle round her Neck,
 Now doth invite the View, now check ;
 And, as it wantons in the Air,
 Oft leaves the rising Bosom bare.

The beauteous Nymph thus tempting lay,
 With Love almost dissolv'd away,
 When THOMAS, ripe to meet her Flame,
 Eager, yet blushing, to her came ;
 No squeamish Struggle damp'd their Joy ;
 With Speed she clasp'd the vig'rous Boy ;
 While clasping, twining, warmly pressing,
 He snatches, and yet begs the Blessing :
 Till faintly, breathing, softly sighing,
 In Extasy of Raptures dying,
 They, like the *Phœnix*, in one Fire,
 In mutual Transports, both expire,
 And rise again to new Desire.
 Long Time this am'rous Trade went on,
 To all, but to the Maid, unknown.
 New Charms my Lady's Beauty grace ;
 Unusual Colour warms her Face.

}

Her Temper was more *Debonair*,
 More pleasing and genteel her Air.
 Her Friends, who thought it very strange,
 Could not but wonder at the Change;
 She was much less inclin'd to roam,
 And soon allur'd to stay at Home.

But various Horrors Tom perplex;
 Too late he finds the sad Effects,
 Of blindly running into Ill,
 To gratify a vicious Will.
 Madam, when once she'd felt the Sweet,
 Would ten Times every Day repeat;
 She ne'er was weary to *receive*,
 Tho' Tom, alas! was loth to *give*.
 By frequent Use new Arts she found,
 And run, each Day, the pleasing Round;
 Grown quite expert in Feats of Love;
 In various Postures she would move.
 Sometimes *beneath*, the panting Dame,
 Meets and returns the wanton Game:
 Sometimes *aloft*, she prompts the Deed,
 And spurs his passive, lagging Speed,
 With Legs, Arms, Lips, and ev'ry Part,
 Aids Nature by the Strength of Art.

Worn out with Bliss! quite hagg'd with Joy,
 Her fond Endearments THOMAS cloy;
 Their Colour lost, his Cheeks grow pale;
 And all his Limbs begin to fail;

His

His trembling Joints, with Anguish quake,
 His Sinews shrink, his Hands too shake;
 His Veins, exhausted, are quite dry,
 And Nature's Lustre quits his Eye.
 He seems, howe'er his Spirits strive,
 A Skeleton, tho' yet alive.

The Maids, who us'd his Form to prize,
 Behold his Case with weeping Eyes:
 His Friend, the Coachman, closer draws,
 And swears he will find out the Cause;
 And Tom, once when they were alone,
 To him made all the Matter known.

Quoth he, so oft my Lady plies,
 So many various Postures tries,
 That I must fall a Sacrifice. }
 In few Days more my Life will end;
 Once ev'ry Hour I must attend;
 For six Months past — 'tis true, my Lad,
 This Respite is the first I've had.
 — Sir JOHN don't go to Change to Day —
 Therefore she's found another Way.
 Whene'er my Bell the Signal gives,
 Up Stairs poor THOMAS sadly drives;
 Sh'as found, by some damn'd Means, or other,
 The surest Way to make a Mother,
 Is to invert the Course of Nature,
 And, by the back Way to come at her.
 Thus, when Sir JOHN from Dinner goes,
 To take his usual sleepy Dose,

She'll thro' the Closet-Window peep,
 And I into the Room must creep,
 'The Knight, you know'll, be fast asleep.
 And this she does, in special Grace,
 To do't before her Husband's Face.
 As on the Window she's reclin'd,
 I must, forsooth, turn up behind ———
 There give her Pleasure, for my Pain,
 And, when I've done, skulk down again.
 I dread the Task ——— but hark! the Bell
 ! must be gone, ——— wou'd 'twere to Hell.
 Quoth ROBIN, hold! ——— you seem uneasy,
 I have a Thought, I think, will please ye;
 Into my Head 'tis just now come;
 ——— Let me, for once, go in thy Room ———
 With all my Heart, if you'll attempt her:
 Z—ds, never fear, quoth BOB, I'll venture.
 ROBIN, up Stairs, straight took his Way;
 She's fix'd, — asleep his Honour lay;
 So eager was she for the Game,
 She'd got all ready e'er he came.
 Her Cloaths were o'er her loosely thrown;
 Her plump Posteriors plainly shown,
 Like forky *Appenines* appear,
 Whose snowy Tops on each Side rear;
 That they, in Contrast, clearly show,
 The shady Valley just below.
 Her Legs were spread in proper Posture,
 And BOB did properly accost her:
 But, as the Road to him was new,
 He could not readily get thro' ———

Away,

Away, she cries, good TOM, away;
 Lord ! you are — gad — oh — you are — pray. }
 You hurt me very much to Day.
 O don ! — O Lord ! — why you're quite wild —
 Dost think, TOM ! this will get a Child !
 O Yes, — let's have a thumping Heir —
 For him that's sleeping in the Chair. —
 Make haste — I can't — dear TOM, I vow,
 O now — Oh ! if you love me — now !

The Lady knowing TOM before,
 Thought all she had t'expect was o'er :
 But brisker ROBIN ne'er drew back,
 Prepar'd for t'other hearty Smack,
 Kept on his Road — which when she found,
 Surpriz'd ! she turn'd her Head around ;
 When he, afraid of future Danger,
 Was going, to avoid her Anger ;
 When pleas'd, she cried — good BOB, drive on —
 — Good Coachman, pray don't stop so soon ;

Sir JOHN, who knew not, half awake,
 Of all this Bustle what to make ;
 Soon as he'd rubb'd his Horns aside,
 His Cuckold-Peepers open'd wide ;
 Saw how the *Steed* stood in their Geer,
 Both on the *off-side*, and the *near* ;
 Saw which was under, which was upper,
 And mark'd the Motion of the Crupper :
 But wisely thinking, come what will,
 He could but be a Cuckold still —

Cries, *Holla ! honest Brother Whip !*
Your Fellow Trav'lers you out-strip.
 But, since my Lady wants a Son ;
 I know she'll have her Business done ;
 So ! Welcome, ROBIN, — *Pray drive on.*

}

The ROBBER ROB'D.

A Certain Priest had hoarded up
 A Mass of secret Gold ;
 And where he might bestow it safe,
 He knew not to be bold.

At last it came into his Thought
 To lock it in a Chest ;
 Within the Chancel, and he wrote
 Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry Grig, whose greedy Mind
 Did long for such a Prey,
 Respecting not the sacred Words
 That on the Casket lay ;

Took out the Gold, and blotting out
 The Priest's Inscript thereon,
 Wrote, *Resurrexit, non est hic :*
Your God is rose and gone.

The

The P I G. A T A L E.

SOME Husbands, on a Winter Day,
 Were met to laugh their Spleen away.
 As Wine flows in, and Spirits rise,
 They praise their Consorts to the Skies.
 Obedient Wives are seldom known,
 Yet all could answer for their own,
 Acknowledg'd each as sovereign Lord,
 Abroad, at Home, in Deed, and Word;
 In short as absolute their Reign, as
 Grand Seignior's over his Sultanas.
 For Pride, or Shame to be out-done,
 All join'd in the Discourse, but one.
 Who, vex'd so many Lies to hear,
 Thus stops their arrogant Career.

'Tis mighty strange, Sirs, what you say,
 What ! all so absolutely sway ?
 In *England* ! where *Italians* wife
 Have plac'd the Women's Paradise ?
 In *London* ! where the Sexes Flower
 Have of that *Eden* fix'd the Bower ?
 Fie ! Men of Sense to be so vain,
 You're not in *Turkey*, nor in *Spain*,
 True *Britons* all ; I'll lay my Life,
 None here is Master of his Wife.

These Words the general Fury rouze,
 And all the common Cause espouse.

Till one with Voice superior said,
 (Whose Lungs were sounder than his Head)
 I'll send my Footman instant home,
 To bid his Mistress hither come;
 And, if she flies not at my Call,
 To own my Power before you all,
 I'll grant I'm henpeck'd, if you please,
 As *Sh—k*, or as *Socrates*.

Hold there —— replies th'Objector fly,
 Prove first that Women never lie;
 Else Words are Wind — to tell you true
 I credit neither them, nor you;
 No, we'll be judg'd a surer Way,
 By what they do, not what they say.
 I'll hold you severally that boast,
 A Supper at the Loser's Cost,
 That if you'll but vouchsafe to try
 A Trick I'll tell you by and by,
 Send straight for every Wife quite round,
 One Mother's Daughter is not found,
 But what before her Husband's Face
 Point blank his Orders disobey.
 To this they one and all consent,
 The Wager's laid, the Summons went.

Mean while he this Instruction gives,
 Pray only gravely tell your Wives,
 Your Will and Pleasure is to invite
 These Friends to a boil'd Pig to Night.

The

The commoner the Trick has been,
The greater Chance you have to win,
The Treat is mine, if they refuse;
But if they boil it, then I lose.

The first, to whom the Message came,
Was a well born and haughty Dame;
A saucy Independent she,
With Jointure, and with Pin-Money,
Secur'd by Marriage-Deeds from Wants,
Without a separate Maintenance.
Her Loftiness disdain'd to hear,
Half thro' her Husband's Messenger,
But cut him short — with how dare he
'Mong Pot-Companions mention me?
He knows his Way (if sober) Home,
And if he wants me, let him come. —

This Answer, hastily return'd,
Pleas'd all, but him whom it concern'd.
For each one thought his Wife on Trial,
Would brighter shine by this Denial.

The second, was a Lady gay,
Who lov'd to visit, dress, and play,
To spark it in the Box or Ring,
And dance on Birth-Nights for the King,
Whose Head was busy wont to be
With something else than Cookery.
She hearing of her Husband's Name,
Tho' much a Gentlewoman came;

When half inform'd of his Request,
 A Dish, as he desir'd it, drest, ———
 Quoth Madam, with a serious Face,
 (Without enquiring what it was)
 You can't sure for an Answer look,
 Sir, do you take me for your Cook?
 But I must haste a Friend to see,
 Who stays my coming for her Tea.
 So said, that Minute out she flew.
 What could the slighted Husband do?
 His Wager lost, must needs appear;
 For none obey that will not hear.

The next, for Housewifery renown'd,
 A Woman notable was own'd,
 Who hated Idleness and Airs,
 And minded Family Affairs;
 Expert in every Thing was she,
 At Needle-work, or Surgery:
 Fam'd for her Liquors far and near,
 From richest Cordials to small Beer;
 To serve a Feast she understood,
 In *English* or in Foreign Mode;
 What e'er the wanton Taste could choose,
 In Kickshaws, Sauces, or Ragoos:
 She spar'd for neither Cost nor Pain,
 Her welcome Guest to entertain.
 Her Husband fair accosts her thus:
 To Night these Friends will sup with us.
 She answer'd with a Smile, my Dear,
 Your Friends are always welcome here.

— But

— But we desire a Pig, and pray,
 You'll boil it ; — boil it ! did you say ?
 I hope you'll give me Leave to know
 My Business better, Sir, than so :
 Why ne'er in any Book was yet
 Found such a whimsical Receipt :
 My Dressing none need be afraid of,
 But such a Dish was never heard of.
 I'll roast it nice, but shall not boil it,
 Let those who know no better, spoil it,
 — Her Husband cry'd, for all my Boast,
 I own, the Wager's fairly lost.
 And other Wives, besides my Love,
 Or I'm mistaken much, may prove
 As chargeable as this to me,
 To show their Pride in Housewifery.

Now the poor Wretch that next him sat,
 Felt his own Heart go pit a pat :
 For well he knew his Spouse's Way,
 Her Spirit brook'd not to obey ;
 And never yet was in the Wrong —
 He told her with a trembling Tongue,
 Where, and on what, his Friends would feast
 And how the Dainty should be dress'd.
 — To Night, quoth (in a Passion) she ?
 No Sir, to Night it cannot be ;
 And was it a boil'd Pig you said ?
 You and your Friends sure are not mad.
 The Kitchen is the proper Sphere,
 Where none but Females should appear,

And

But

And Cooks their Orders, by your Leave,
 Always from Mistresses receive.
 Boil it ! — was ever such an Ass ?
 I pray, what would you have for Sauce ?
 If any Servant in my Pay
 Dare dress a Pig that silly Way,
 In spite of any Whim of yours,
 I'll turn her quickly out of Doors.
 For such a Thing, (nay never frown)
 Where I am Mistress, shall be done.
 Each Woman wise her Husband rules ;
 Passive Obedience is for Fools.

This Case was quickly judg'd ; behold !
 A fair one of a softer Mold ;
 Good Humour sparkled in her Eye,
 And unaffected Pleasantry :
 So mild and sweet she enter'd in,
 Her Spouse thought certainly to win :
 (Pity such golden Hopes shou'd fail,)
 Soon as heard th'appointed Tale.
 My Dear, I know not, I protest,
 Whether in Earnest or in Jest,
 So strange a Supper you demand,
 Howe'er, I'll not disputing stand,
 But do't freely as you bid it,
 Prove but that ever Woman did it.
 — This Cause, by general Consent,
 Was lost for Want of Precedent.
 Thus each deny'd a several Way ;
 But all agreed to disobey.

One only Dame did yet remain,
 Who downright honest was, and plain,
 If now and then her Voice she tries,
 'Tis not for Rule, but Exercise.
 Unus'd her Lord's Commands to slight,
 Yet sometimes pleading for the Right.
 She made her little Wisdom go,
 Farther than wiser Women do.
 Her Husband tells her, looking grave,
 A roasting Pig I boil'd would have;
 And to prevent all pro and con,
 I must insist to have it done.
 Says she, my dearest, should your Wife,
 Get a nick Name to last for Life?
 If you resolve to spoil it, do;
 But then I hope you'll eat it too.
 For, tho' 'tis boil'd to hinder squabble,
 I shall not, will not sit at Table.
 She spoke, and her good Man alone,
 Found he had neither lost nor won.
 So fairly parted Stakes: The rest
 Fell on the Wag that caus'd the Jest,
 "Would your Wife boil it? Let us see."
 Hold there, you did not lay with me.
 You'll find, in spite of all you've boasted,
 Your Pigs are fatted to be roasted.
 The Wager's lost, no more contend;
 But take this Counsel from a Friend.
 Boast not your Empire, if you prize it;
 For happiest he, who never tries it.

Wives

Wives unprovoked best obey,
And that you'll find the safest Way.
But if your Dear once take the Field,
Resolve at first to win or yield ;
For Heaven no Medium ever gave,
Between a Sovereign and a Slave.

H O D G E *and the* D E V I L.

A T A L E.

By Mr. J. NICOLL.

*Non omne quod Micat
Aurum est.*

IS there a Man, so rich an Heir
To Fortune's providential Care,
Whom Disappointments ne'er perplex,
Nor anxious Visitations vex ?
In heavy Loads Mankind have had 'em,
Down from their ancient Daddy Adam.

*All is not Gold, the Proverb says,
That glitters, with refulgent Rays ;
And those who court its bright Possession,
Oft times embrace an airy Vision.*

So when 't has been poor Poet's Fate
To 've vain Dependance on the Great ;

Or

Or Expectation of a Purse
Of splendid Guineas for his Verse,
And Promises are all his Gains,
What golden Dreams perplex his Brains !
Roger, a Swain, knew either how
To drive a Cart, or milk a Cow ;
And always had good Share of Plow ;
When having spent in Toil the Day,
At Night he'd whistle home his Way.

}

It happen'd once upon a Time,
Possess'd with Learning most sublime,
Hodge conversation'd with the Devil,
Who serv'd poor *Hodge* Trick most uncivil :
Indeed ! — the Devil, say you ? — ay ;
And you shall hear how by and by.

Roger coming Home one Night, Sir,
With a waundy Appetite, Sir ;
Impatient Gut exciting, he
Breaks out in this Soliloquy :
' Of all the Dainties Eating's good in,
' There's none compar'd with Beef and Pudding ;
' And now and then, brave hearty Cheer !
' A Jugg of Farmer *Barley's* Beer,
' Than which there's nought can better please,
' Well bung'd with Lunch of Bread and Cheese.
' But let me see — as I'm a Sinner,
' There's all the Beef left, boil'd for Dinner :
' Oh ! Beef, thou Source of all Delight,
' With thee I'll glut my Soul this Night !'

Hodge

Hodge being arriv'd at Pantry-Door,
 Where he had left boil'd Beef galore :
 T' his great Surprize and small Relief,
 He found that some damn'd hungry Thief,
 Had made away with all his Beef !
 Oh ! how he storm'd and made a Rout,
 Cou'd he but find the Villain out —
 Howe'er, he swore he'd have an Answer
 The next Morn from cunning Man, Sir :
 But how he made it up with Belly,
 I will as brief as may be tell ye ;
 And, without any more ado,
 The Sequel of the Tale pursue.

At last, says *Hodge*, and scratch'd his Head,
 ' Must I go Supperless to Bed ?
 ' — No, — let me see — a Spark of Fire
 ' Now wou'd gratify my Desire.'
 'Tis found — and having ta'en a Skillet,
 With Milk and Flour he hastes to fill it ;
 Of which, a Mefs all of a sudden
 He made, and call'd it Hasty Pudding ;
 And of it having eat most manful-
 Ly, about a three Quart Pan full ;
Roger began to be at rest,
 And so betook himself to Nest.
 How sweet's the Life of rural Swains ?
 What Bliss succeeds their daily Pains ?
 His homely Hut, twice fifty Suns,
 Had stood unvisited by Duns ;

And

And no Importancy of State-
Affairs perplex'd his peaceful Pate,
For let 'em go, Sir, as they will,
Roger is *semper idem* still.

But, lo! about the Dead of Night,
A hideous cloven-footed Sprite
Appear'd to *Hodge*, with stretch'd out Claws,
And out o' Bed he straitway draws
The poor and harmless trembling Swain,
Mumbling forth his Pray'rs amain :
' I'm *Pluto*, Swain, the Phantom said ;
' Come, follow me, be not dismay'd.'
With cringing Bow and great Submission,
He strait obeys the dreadful Vision.

Hodge behind, the Devil before,
Making their Exit out at Door ;
You wou'd ha' burst your Sides with Laughter,
To've seen the Clown creep quiv'ring after.

Into the Orchard *Pluto* goes,
With his black A—— tow'rds *Hodge's* Nose,
Where, pointing to an ancient Tree,
' *Roger*, hard by that Root, says he,
' There lies a Fund of Gold for thee.'
At that a Smile o'erspread his Face,
And *Hodge* began to've Heart of Grace,
And thus accosts the gen'rous Devil,
' Faith, Master *Pluto*, this is civil,

}

And

' And

' And I ever shall endeavour
 ' To recompense this wondrous Favour : —
 ' But, hold tho' — stay — how shall I find
 ' The Place again, no Mark behind ?
 ' Good Sir, if 'tis not too much Trouble,
 ' Will you tell me that, Sir ? — Bubble.'
 ' Sh—te near the Place, and on my Word,
 ' Thoul't know next Morning by the T——d.'

Hodge made a Shift, I know not how,
 To thank him with an awkward Bow ;
 Then strain'd the Token there to lay,
 And strait the Devil fled away.

Roger in the Morning wak'd,
 His golden Pudding being bak'd,
 And rubb'd his Eyes, and rais'd his Head,
 And found a swinging T——d in Bed.

EPIGRAM.

MOPSA whipping her Scarf on, scuds away
 to the Park,
 And cries, for a *Venus* I'll pass in the Dark.
 With her Hoop spreading wide, and her soft-sooth-
 ing Tale,
 She knows her coarse Features may sometimes
 prevail.

Well,

Well, the Baggage plays arch, thus to wound in
the Night,
Since her Face wou'd strike dread, if reveal'd in
the Light.

A L A M O D E.

MY better self, my Heav'n, my Joy !
While thus imparadis'd I lye,
Transported in thy circling Arms
With fresh Variety of Charms,
From Fate I scarce can think to crave
A Bliss, for what in thee I have.
Twelve Months, my Dear, are past, since thou
Didst plight to me thy Virgin Vow ;
Twelve Months in Rapture spent ! for they
Seem shorter than *St. Lucy's Day* :
A bright Example we shall prove
Of lasting Matrimonial Love.

Mean while, I beg the Gods to grant
(The only Favour that I want)
That I may not survive, to see
My Happiness expire with thee.
O ! should I lose my dearest Dear,
By thee, and all that's good I swear,
I'd give myself the fatal Blow,
And waft thee to the World below.

When

When *wheedle* thus to Spouse in Bed
 Spoke the best Things he e'er had read,
 Madam (surpriz'd, you must suppose it)
 Had lock'd a *Templar* in the Closet;
 A Youth of pregnant Parts, and Worth,
 To play at *Picquet*, — and — a — so forth —
 This Wag, when he had heard the whole,
 Demurely to the Curtains stole;
 And peeping in, with solemn Tone
 Cry'd out, *O Man! thy Days are done;*
The Gods are fearful of the worst;
And send me, Death, to fetch thee first:
To save their Fav'rite from Self-Murder:
Lo! thus I execute their Order.
 Hold, Sir, for second Thoughts are best,
 The Husband cry'd; 'tis my Request,
 With Pleasure to prolong my Life. —
 Your meaning? — pray, Sir, take my Wife.

WOMEN *the best Politicians.*

A TALE.

ONE Night plump SUE and Coachman NED,
 A Bargain struck in haste to wed;
 A Crown was stak'd, the Pair consented
 To lose their Pledge, who' first repented.
 Time, for the Matrimonial Farce
 To-morrow comes ——— NED hangs an A—se.

Of

Of bad the best poor SUKY makes,
 And angry claims his forfeit Stakes.
 NED frankly paid it as agreed,
 Of a worse Bargain to be freed;
 Quoth he — *thour't welcome on my Life,*
A cheap Divorsement from a Wife!
 — The crafty Quean, who feign'd a while,
 Soon answer'd with a jeering Smile,
Ah Fool! 'tis well you first relented,
I'd lost had you but seem'd contented;
Gladly your Freedom I'll restore,
One Shilling spend — and pocket Four.

Ladies, lay OVID's Rules apart,
 In Love learn thriftier SUSAN's Art.

EPIGRAM.

GILES JOLT as sleeping in his Cart he lay,
 Some pilf'ring Villains stole his Team away.
 GILES wakes and cries — “ what's here, a dikin!
 what !

“ Why how now, am I GILES? — or am I not!

“ *If he,* — I've lost six Geldings to my Smart;

“ *If not,* — odds Buddikins, I've found a Cart.

The

The R E T O R T.

From RABELAIS.

ONE married to a Country Flirt
Full skittish, says the Youth,
Bite me, my Dear, if you I hurt,
My Finger's in your Mouth.

When all was o'er, he ask'd his Bride,
If any Thing did sting her,
She, by a Question too, reply'd
And did I bite your Finger.

Little D O G S *have* long T A I L S.

WE have it by Tradition told,
That JOVE, for Man's Creation;
Rak'd up a swinging Heap of Mould,
And gave it due Formation?

When all was done, a little Mould
Was left, and rather than, Sir,
He'd throw the least of it away,
He made a little Man, Sir.

Then from OLYMPUS Top around
The Earth, his Eyes he cast, Sir,
And to his Joy, all smiling found,
Save him whom he made last, Sir.

Says

Says Jove, what makes you frown and sigh,
The rest are pleasant all, Sir,
So (says the little Man) should I,
If I were full as tall, Sir.

The Men will laugh at me alas,
The Females too, will rig me;
And cry, behold (where'er I pass)
There goes the little *Pigmy*.

The Case (says Jove) is hard I find,
Howe'er, I'll strive to please ye,
I've yet a little Mould behind
Will make the Matter easy:

Then having scrap'd up all the Mould,
That scattered lay there, Sir,
Like DIAPALMA Plaister rowl'd,
He fix'd it, you know where, Sir.

now, thou art as good (says Jove)
As any, tho' the smallest;
The Females too, as well thoul't move,
As any tho' the Tallest.

In this, 'tis plain, Jove rightly guess'd,
For e'er since the Creation;
Women, like little Men the best,
In Acts of *Generation*..

E

The

Says

The PRIZE.

A Virgin of a sprightly Mien,
 That danc'd with SYLVIA on the Green,
 Her Foot upon a Pebble tript,
 And down her Leg her Garter slippt;
 Which when the *Phæstian* Nymph did miss,
 She promis'd to the Youth a *Kiss*,
 That should to her her Garter bring,
 It was a rich *Sidonian* String;
 ALLEXIS was the happy Swain,
 That did this mighty Prize obtain;
 And had these two been but alone;
 She would have let him ty'd it on.

EPITAPH *on a MAN and his WIFE, re-*
presented scolding on their Grave.

STAY, *Batchelor!* if you have Wit,
 A *Wonder* to behold!
Husband and Wife, in one dark Pit,
 Lie still, and never scold.

'Tread softly, tho' — for Fear she wakes:
 Hark! she begins already!
You've hurt my Head — my Shoulder akes.
These Sots can ne'er move steady.

Ah,

Ah, *Friend*, with happy *Freedom* blest !
 See ! how my Hopes miscarried.
 Not *Death itself* can give you *Rest*,
 Unless you *die unmarried*.

W O M A N'S *Resolution.*

O H, cried ARSENIA, long in Wedlock blest,
 Her Head reclining on her Husband's Breast,
 Should Death divide thee from thy doting Wife,
 What Comfort could be found in widow'd Life ?
 How the Thought shakes me ? — Heav'n my
 STREPHON save !
 Or give the lost ARSENIA half his Grave !

JOVE heard the lovely Mourner, and approv'd,
 And should not Wives, said he, like this, be lov'd ?
 Take the soft Sorrower at her Word, and try
 How firmly rooted Female Truth can lie.
 'Twas said and done ! — the tender STREPHON
 died,
 ARSENIA two long Months t'outlive him *tried* !
 But in the *third*, — alas ! — *became a Bride.*

A TALE. From RABELAIS.

TWO Gossips prating in a Church,
 The Devil, who' stood upon the Lurch,
 In Short-hand on a Parchment-Roll
 Wrote down their Words; and when the Scroll
 Could hold no more (it was so full)
 His Devilship began to pull
 And stretch it with his Teeth, which failing,
 He knock'd his Head against the Railing.
 St. MARTIN laugh'd, tho' then at Mass,
 To see the Devil such an Ass.
 To think a Parchment-Roll, or e'en a Skin
 Could hold two Women's Chat when they begin.

From RABELAIS.

FILL, fill your Glafs which empty stands :
 Empty it, and let it pass :
 For I hate to see in People's Hands,
 A full or empty Glafs.

From RABELAIS.

LONG JOHN to Bed went to his Bride,
 And laid a Mallet by his Side:
 What means this Mallet, JOHN, saith she?
 Why! 'tis to wedge thee home, quoth he.

Alas!

Alas ! cry'd she, the Man's a Fool :
 What need you use a wooden Tool ?
 When lusty WILL does to me come,
 He never shoves but with his *Bum*.

From RABELAIS.

A Certain upstart *Citizen* of late,
 Would cut a Figure, and would needs look
 great.

A Knot of Country Gentlemen were met ;
 And, like a Row of Onions, all were sett.
 And he amidst 'em.—Supper being serv'd,
 To this and that and t'other Man he carv'd.
 Ducks, Lev'rets, Partridge, Turkey-pout he cuts,
 And on their Plates what Part he pleases, puts.
 In dealing out their Pittances, the Elf
 Took special Care, not to forget himself.
 Well stor'd his Plate was of the choicest Things ;
 But, above all, a Pile of Partridge Wings.
 One, that lov'd Partridge Wings as well as *Cit*,
 Whips from his Plate the best ' Sir is it fit,'
 Said he to Monsieur Carver, ' is it right,'
 ' You should have all the Wings, in our despite, }
 ' You, who already take too high a Flight ? }

A Modern Pastoral Courtship.

IN vain shall Criticks, Wits, or Beaux,
 Their want of Sense in Songs expose ;
 In vain shall spruce good natur'd Cits,
 In Wigs of Taste, set up for Wits ;
 In senseless Rhimes, and dying Strains,
 To sing of Loves, and Darts, and Pains,
 Of cruel Nymphs, and bleeding Swains. }
 Dull Wretches ! only taught to smatter,
 And murder Copies drawn from Nature ;
 Tho' Love's a God, 'tis long ago
 He us'd to ramble here below ;
 Since when, each Nymph's as great a Queen as
 E'er was his jilting Mother VENUS ;
 Each Swain's a dull illiterate Plowman,
 Nor kneels, nor dies, for any Woman.
 Tho' antient Bards their Scenes did lay,
 In Plains of fair *Arcadia*,
 Must we make *Bedfordshire* to be
 A flow'ry Plain in *Italy* ?
 Or write *Clarissa*, or *Lucetta*,
 For what in Fact is *Moll*, or *Betty*.
 No, — if in these degenerate Days,
 The World is sunk to viler Ways ;
 Let's put no Face on a bad Matter, }
 To make our Circumstances better,
 But still exactly follow Nature.
 Yet should (as *Truth* forbids) the Muse
 Begin as modern Songsters use,

In

In pompous Stile would run my Tale,
 * *Fast by a Willow in the Vale,*
Fair Phæbe sighing sat alone,
And by her Colin made his Moan.
 But thus I am not pleas'd to make it,
 Then as I write, or leave or take it.
 In Country Vill of little Note.
 From *London's* noisy Town remote,
 Two Farmers liv'd, both rich in Health,
 And all the Village was their Wealth.
 Their Houses, Barns, and Acres join'd,
 As mutual Interest inclin'd ;
 For both were happy in an equal Mind.
 Each kept his Nag, and each his Team,
 And weekly each to Market came,
 To *Dunstable*, a Town of Fame.
 The one a rosy Daughter had,
 The other's Blessing was a Lad ;
 Well made he was, of Stature thick,
 His Age was twenty, and his Name was *Dick* ?
 He was a Loon, well skill'd and knowing
 In th'Arts of reaping, and of mowing,
 And none than him could better know
 To wield a Flail, or hold the Plough ;
 At Mart he'd haggle for a Farthing,
 That none could beat him at a Bargain.

* Lines exactly taken from a Manuscript Poem, highly approved by ——— its Author.

Beside these Qualities, a many
 He had, to save his Father's Penny :
 For having read, (as 'gainst his Need
Dick, when a Boy, had learn'd to read)
 One Doctor, what do ye call him's Treatise,
 He knew the whole *Sow gelder's* Thesis ;
 Could bleed a Horse, or ring a Sow,
 Or cure the Sickness of a Cow,
 And when th'Infection spread the Nation,
 Sav'd all about from the Contagion ;
 Could e'en in rainy Seasons keep,
 The Murrain from among the Sheep ;
 Do all these Things, tho' *Richard* cou'd,
 The Girl was in her Way as good ;
 A tight young Housewife, neat and clean,
 Her Name was *Moll*, her Age Fifteen ;
 She'd cook to Nicety a Dish
 Of roast, or boil'd, or Fowl, or Fish ;
 Full well could brew, as well could bake,
 Could Elder Wine, or Cyder make :
 And ne'er a Lass so good as *Mary*,
 To make new Cheese, or keep a Dairy ;
 At Market too it is confest,
 She sold her Eggs and Butter best ;
 Could too whene'er the Case was urgent,
 Perform the Business of a Surgeon ;
 Could make a Julep for the Ptyick,
 Or boil a Purge by Way of Physick ;
 She had a Salve that e'er could cure
 Kib'd Heels, or any Kind of Sore ;

She

She gave her Patients, Prunes or Sego ;
 And had a Secret for the Ague,
 Which from her Great Great Grandmother,
 Had now descended down to her ;
 Beside, she kept for ev'ry End,
 All modern Empiricks can vend,
 All box'd, or bottled up most safely,
 Of *Greenough*, *Godfrey*, or of *Daffy* ;
 The black Sheeps Turds of *Anderson*,
 Or *Balsam* stale of *Turlington* :
 All which she gave most gen'rously,
 To † Tasker's Wives, that could not buy.
 The good old Folks had long agreed,
 This Couple should each other wed ;
 And thinking now their Age would do,
 'Twas Time they had begun to woo ;
 And rightly both conceiv'd the Son,
 Should to the Daughter be set on ;
 That first the Man should win the Maid,
 Tho' last he gains the bridal Bed.
Dick, quoth his Father, ods my Life !
 My Boy, what sayst thou to a Wife ?
 Hold up your Head, as I'm alive,
 You're like a Man of Twenty Five.
 Nay, Father do not count so fast,
 For my Share I'm in no such Haste,
 Quoth *Dick*, but let us reckon fair ;
 Next Grass our jolting crop'd-ear'd Mare,

† Thresher Men.

Is One and Twenty ; now do ye see,
 That I am just as old as she ;
 Tho' for a Wife, if you think well,
 And I should hap to like the Girl,
 Egad, tho' I'm in no such Hurry,
 I don't care much if I should marry.
How ! like her Dick !- why, what dost say ?
To black eyed Molly o'er the Way.
 Humph ! She may do, but how dost know,
 Whether she may like me or no ?
Why, Dick, it is in vain to guess
At Women by Appearances ;
So dress yourself up clean and tight,
And go and ask her that to Night.
 Nay, hold ye, hold ye, Patience, Father,
 I'se not in so much Hurry neither ;
 We'll put it off another Day,
 I'll call —— I often go that Way.
 Next Week as *Dick* from Market came,
 Whistling along aside his Team ;
 I'th' Yard young *Molly* milking fat,
 He stop'd, and leaning o'er the Gate,
 Cries out aloud, Ho ! *Mary* ! pray,
 Wouldst have me for a Husband ? Hey ?
 The Maid ne'er courted in such Guise,
 As loud unto the Clown replies,
 I have you, simple *Richard* ? No ——
 Then, gee up *Dobbin*, we must go,
 Quoth *Dick*, then whips his Team along,
 And recreates them with a Song.

Nor

Nor Love can give a Moment's Smart,
Nor Disappointment break his Heart.

EPIGRAM *by* Barnaby Buxom.

Historians and Poets, both Writers of Fame,
Agree that the *Moon* and *Diana*'s the same;
If so — 'tis a Lie, tho' a Maxim well known,
What many avouch, *there's a Man in the Moon*:
For *Diana* was always so stout for her Honour,
She'd have scratch'd out his Eyes e'er a Man had
got on her.

EPIGRAM *on* F—te and W—d.

THAT *F—te* an *Afs* took off, the Story goes;
And *W—d* bray'd, but snuffled in the Nose;
To whom their Umpire cry'd — Peace, Peace,
you Puppy,
F—te's the true *finish'd Afs* — you but his Copy.

EPIGRAM.

AS thro' the Grass a subtle Serpent stray'd,
 To *Strephon's* Arms ran *Sylvia*, trembling
 Maid,
 But in the Swain a subtler Serpent found,
 Whose Sting, tho' sweet, with Venom fill'd the
 Wound.

*Written by a young Gentleman.**

KITTY, a fair but frozen Maid,
 Kindled a *Flame* I yet deplore;
 The *hood-wink'd Boy*, I call'd for Aid,
 Much of his near Approach afraid;
 So fatal to my *Suit* before.

At length, propitious to my Prayer,
 The little Urchin came;
 From Earth I saw him mount in Air,
 And soon he clear'd with dext'rous Care,
 The bitter Relicks of my Flame.

To *Kitty*, Sally now succeeds,
 Who kindles *slow*, but lasting Fires;
 Each *Appetite* of mine she feeds;
 While ev'ry Day a Victim bleeds,
 To satisfy my warm Desires.

* On the Maid setting Fire to the Chimney.

Say,

Say, by what *Title*, or what *Name*,
 Shall I the *Youth* address,
Cupid and *he* are not the same,
 Yet both can raise, or quench a *Flame*
 Read this again and guess.

The Officious Messenger :

O R,

Squire LOB and his DOG.

A TALE.

MAN of precarious Science vain,
 Treats other Creatures with Disdain;
 Nor *Pug*, nor *Shock*, have common Sense,
 Nor even *Poll* the least Pretence,
 Tho' she can chatter, prate and bawl,
 To be accounted rational.
 The brute Creation here below,
 It seems, is Nature's Puppet-show :
 But Clockwork all, and meer *Machinae*;
 What can these idle Gimcracks mean ?
 Ye World-Makers of *Gresham-Hall*,
 Dog *Rover* shall confute ye all ;

Shall

Shall prove, that every reasoning Brute,
 Like *Ben* * of *Bangor* can dispute,
 Can apprehend, judge, syllogize,
 And like proud *Bentley* criticise :
 At a moot Point, or odd Disaster,
 Is often wiser than his Master :
 He may mistake sometimes 'tis true,
 None are infallible — but you.
 The Dog whom nothing can mislead,
 Must be a Dog of Parts, indeed.
 But to my Tale. Hear me my Friend,
 And with due Gravity attend.

Rover, as Heralds are agreed,
 Well born, and of the setting Breed ;
 Rang'd high, was stout, of Nose acute,
 A very learn'd and courteous Brute :
 In parallel Lines the Ground he beat,
 Not such as in one Centre meet,
 In those, let blundering † Doctors deal,
 His were exactly parallel.
 When tainted Gales the Game betray,
 Down close he drops, and eyes his Prey ;
 Tho' different Passions tempt the Soul,
 True as the Needle to the Pole.
 He keeps his Point, and panting lies
 The floating Net above him flies,
 Then dropping sweeps the fluttering Prize.

* The Bishop of *Bangor*, then a great Disputant.

† Dr. *Sacheverel*, about that Time, in a Sermon,
 asserted, parallel Lines met in one Centre.

Nor this his only Excellence,
 When surly Farmers took Offence,
 And the rank Corn the Sport deny'd,
 Still faithful to his Master's Side;
 A Thousand pretty Pranks he play'd,
 And chearful each Command obey'd:
 Humble his Mind, tho' great his Wit,
 Would lug a Pig, or turn the Spit;
 Would fetch and carry, leap o'er Sticks,
 And Fifty such diverting Tricks.
 Nor *Partridge*, nor wise *Gadbury*,
 Could find lost Goods so well as he:
 Bid him go back a Mile or more,
 And seek the Glove you dropt before,
 Still his unerring Nose would wind it,
 If above Ground, and sure to find it;
 Whimp'ring for Joy his Master meet,
 And humbly lay it at his Feet.

But hold; it cannot be deny'd,
 But useful Talents misapply'd,
 May make sad Work —— it happ'd one Day,
 Squire *Lob* his Master, took his Way,
 New shav'd, and smug, and very tight,
 To compliment a neighbouring *Knight*:
 With him, obsequious *Rover* trudg'd,
 Nor from his Heels one Moment budg'd:
 Half Way they travell'd fair and soft,
 But Oh! lifting his Leg aloft
 To climb a Stile; strange Chance ensu'd,
 He slip'd a Button, and bedew'd.

Oh

Oh sad ! his Draw'rs clean wash'd and white,
 (The Dev'l sure ow'd poor *Lob* a spite)
 Most woefully bedaub'd, he moans
 His piteous Case, with Sighs and Groans ;
 To lose his Dinner and return,
 Was very hard not to be borne.
 Hunger they say, Parent of Arts,
 Will make a *Fool* a Man of Parts ;
 The sharp set Squire resolv'd at last,
 Whate'er befel him, not to fast.
 He mus'd a-while, chaf'd, strain'd his Wits,
 At length on this Expedient hits.

To the next Brook with sober Pace,
 He tends, preparing to uncase :
 Stradling and muttering all the Way,
 Cursing t'himself th'unlucky Day.
 The Coast now clear, no Soul in View ;
 Off in a Trice his Breeches drew ;
 More leisurely his Draw'rs, for Care
 And Caution were convenient there.
 At length, with Pain the Work atchiev'd,
 He rubs and scrubs the Parts aggriev'd ;
 Then with nice Hand, and Look sedate,
 Rows up his Draw'rs with their rich Fright,
 And hides them in a Bush, at leisure
 Resolv'd to fetch the hidden Treasure ;
 While trusty *Rover* lay hard by,
 Observing all, with *curious* Eye.

Now

Now rigg'd again, once more a Beau,
 And Matters fix'd in *Statu quo*;
 Brisk as a Snake in merry *May*,
 That just had cast his Skin away;
 Gladsome he caper'd o'er the Green,
 Presuming, he was sweat and clean:
 For Oh! among us mortal Elves,
 How few there are smell out themselves.
 With a *Mole's* Ear, and *Eagle's* Eye,
 And with a *Blood Hound's* Nose we fly,
 At others Faults implacably;
 But where's that Ear, that Eye, that Nose,
 Against its Master will depose?
 Ruddy Miss *Prue*, with Golden Hair,
 Stinks like a Pole-Cat, or a Bear;
 Yet romps about me every Day,
 Sweeter she thinks, than new-made Hay.
 Lord *Plausible*, at *Tom's* and *Will's*,
 Whose pois'nous Breath, in Whispers kill,
 Still buzzes in my Ear, nor knows,
 What fatal Secrets he bestows;
 Let him destroy each Day a Score,
 'Tis mere Chance-medly, and no more.
 In short, *Self-love* bribes every Sense,
 And all at *Home* is Excellence.

The *Squire* arriv'd, in decent Plight,
 With Reverence due, salutes the Knight.
 Compliments past, the Dinner Bell
 Rung quick and loud: harmonious *Knell*

To

To greedy *Lob* ! ev'n *Orpheus*' Lyre,
 Did ne'er such rapt'rous Joys inspire ;
 Tho' this the savage Herd obey ;
 That Hunger turns more fierce than they.
 In comely Order now appear
 The Footmen loaded with good Chear ;
 Her Ladyship brings up the Rear.
 Simpering she lisps, ' your Thervant Thir,
 ' The Ways are bad, one cannot stir
 ' Abroad, or 'twere indeed unkind,
 ' To leave good Mistriss *Lob* behind :
 ' Shee's well, I hope ? Master they say,
 ' Comes on apace : howth's Miss I pray ?'
Lob bow'd, and cring'd, and muttering low,
 Made to his Chair, would fain fall too.

These weighty Points adjusted soon,
 My Lady brandishes her Spoon.
 Unhappy *Lob*, pleas'd with his Treat,
 Too near the Fire had chose his Seat,
 And minded nothing but his Meat :
 When oh ! th'Effluvia of his Bum,
 Began amain to scent the Room,
 Ambrosial Sweets, and rich Perfume !
 The tittering Footman stopp'd his Nose,
 The Chaplain too, *under the Rose*,
 Made aukward Mouths — the Knight took Snuff,
 Her Ladyship began to huff ;
 ' Indeed *Sir John*, nay, good my Dear,
 ' 'Tis wrong to make your Kennel here ;

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' Dogs in their Place, are good I own ;
 ' But in the Parlour, Foh ! be gone.'"
 Now *Rookwood*, leaves th' unfinish'd Bone,
 Banish'd for Failings not his own !
 No Grace, ev'n *Fidler* could obtain,
 And favourite *Virgin* fawns in vain.
 The Servants to the Stranger kind,
 Leave trusty *Rover* still behind ;
 But *Lob*, who would not seem to be
 Defective in Civility ;
 For the Removal of all Doubt,
 Knitting his Brow, bids him get out ;
 By Signs expresses his Command,
 And to the Door points with his Hand.
 The *Dog*, or thro' Mistake, or Spite,
 (Grave Authors have not set us right)
 Fled back, the very Way he came,
 And in the Bush soon found the Game :
 Brought in his Mouth the sav'ry Load,
 And at his Master's Elbow stood.
 O *Lob* ! what Idioms can express
 Thy strange Confusion and Distress ?
 When on the Floor, the Draw'rs display'd
 The fulsom Secret had betray'd.
 No Traytor, when his Hand and Seal
 Produc'd, his dark Designs reveal ;
 E're look'd with such a hanging Face,
 As *Lob*, half-dead with this Disgrace :
 Wild staring, thunder struck, and dumb,
 While Peals of Laughter shook the Room.

Each

Each Sash thrown up to let in Air,
The Knight falls backward in his Chair;
Laughs till his Heart-strings almost crack,
The Chaplain holds his Sides and Back,
Her *Ladyship* begins to call,
For Hartshorn, and for *Abigail*:
The Servants chuckle at the Door,
And all is Tumult and Uproar.

Rover, who now began to quake,
As conscious of his foul Mistake:
Trusts to his Heels, to save his Life,
The *Squire* sneaks Home, and beats his *Wife*.

EPIGRAM on the present State of the
Two Theatres.

ONE proud *Goliath*, *Gath* could boast,
And *Philistines* of yore:
But *Covent-Garden's* threat'ning Host,
Boast one *Goliath* more.

Yet fear not you of *Drury-Lane*,
By little *Champion* led,
Their * two *Goliaths* roar in vain,
While *David's* at your Head.

* Mr. Q——n and Mr. B——y.

The

The PRESCRIPTION.

A TALE.

Inscrib'd to Mr. T. C——, Surgeon.

HOwe'er vain Man his Art may prize,
Mistakes too often will arise,
In every Rank, in every Station,
Of which here follows Demonstration.

A *Doctor* of Demeanor big,
Whose Knowledge center'd ---- in his *Wig* ;
Would often vaunt with Look demure,
' There's no Disorder but I'll cure,
' With *Plaiſter, Bolus, Julep, Pill* ;
' I've Remedies for every Ill.

Throughout the Year he 'rose at Seven,
Dispens'd his Med'cines till Eleven :
(Not but he found the Time, I ween,
To cram his Breakfast in between)
He then set out his usual Round,
To feel the *Pulse*, or dress the *Wound* :
To some would give immediate Ease,
Left Death i'th' nick curtail his Fees ;
In others, linger out their Pain,
With *honest* View to swell his Gain.
And thus the Time he'd spend 'till One,
Then Home to Dinner would be gone :

From

From thence Abroad again would roam,
And seldom was 'till Eight at Home ;
When many a Wretch that stood in Need---
Of his Assistance, came with Speed,
And these he'd cure —— but first was fe'ed. }

As lolling in an Elbow Chair,
Sage *Galen* sat, an aged Seer,
Stradling advanc'd, with foolish Look,
Respectful bow'd, and thus bespoke :

‘ Dear Sir——a——hem !——I’ve lately had,
‘ A small Mischance —— a —— very bad ;
‘ I have——a——(not being us’d to ride)
‘ A very fore —— a fore —— *Backside.*’

The Doctor with a decent Frown,
Most gravely answers——*pray sit down.*
The Man surpriz’d at this Command,
Replies, ‘ Good Sir——I’d rather stand,
‘ For troth, your Wooden Stool will scarce
‘ Supply a Plaister,——to my *A---se.*’

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*A Political CONVERSATION.**Wrote in the Time of the late Rebellion.*

AS Tom the Porter went up *Ludgate-Hill*,
 A swinging Show'r oblig'd him to stand still ;
 So, in the Right-Hand Passage thro' the Gate,
 He pitch'd his Burden down, just by the Grate,
 From whence the doleful Accent sounds away,
Pity the poor and hungry Debtors pray.

To the same Garrison from *Paul's Church-Yard*,
 An half-drown'd Solder ran to mount the
 Guard :

Now Tom (it seems) the *Ludgateer* and he,
 Had all been old Acquaintance formerly,
 And as the Coast was clear by cloudy Weather,
 They quickly fell into Discourse together.

'Twas in *December* when the *Highland Clans*,
 Had got to *Derbyshire* from *Preston Pans* ;
 And struck all *London* with a gen'ral Pannic,
 But mark the Force of Principles *Britannic* !
 The Soldier told 'em fresh the City News,
 Just piping hot from *Stock-jobbers* and *Jews* ;
 Of *French Fleets* landing, and of *Dutch Neutrality*,
 Of *Jealousies* at Court amongst the *Quality* ;
 Of *Swarston-Bridge*, that never was pull'd down,
 Of all the Rebels in full March to Town ;

And

And of an Hundred Things beside, that made
Lord Mayor himself, and *Aldermen* afraid :
 Painting, with many an Oath, the Case in View,
 And ask'd the Porter what he thought to do ?
 Do ? says he, (gravely) — what I did before ?
 What I have done these Thirty Years and more,
 Carry, (as I am like to do) my Pack,
 Glad to ~~my~~ maintain my Belly by my Back ;
 If that but hold I care not ; for my Part,
 Come as come will, I ne'er shall break my Heart ;
 I don't see Folks that fight about their Thrones,
 Mind either Soldiers Flesh, or Porters Bones ;
 Whoe'er gets better when the Battle's fought,
 Thy Pay nor mine will be advanc'd a Groat :
 But to the Purpose——now we are met here,
I'll be my Penny tow'rs a Pot of Beer.

The Soldier, touch'd a little with Surprise
 To see his Friend's Indifference, replies,
 What you say, Brother, to be sure is good,
 But, our *Religion*, *Tom*, (G--d d--n my Blood ;)
 What will become of our *Religion* ?——True !
 Says the *Jail-Bird*---and our *Freedom* too ?
 If the *Pretender* (rapt he out) comes on,
Our Liberties and Properties are gone !

And so the *Soldier* and the *Prisoner* join'd,
 To work up *Tom* into a better Mind ;
 He staring, dumb with Wonder struck and Pity,
 Took up his Load, and march'd into the City.

E P I-

E P I G R A M.

*Occasion'd by the Night Piece, or Modern
Philosophy of Mr. C---- S----*

THE Moon shone bright ! yet dark the Night !
Sure Kitt has miss'd the Mark !
Oh---No- 'tis right---he wanted Light
To see---that it was dark.

The Country JUSTICE.

SIR John, a Country Magistrate,
Of good round Belly, hob'ling Gait,
Well known at every merry Meeting,
Fam'd both for Justice and for Eating ;
Was most severe, as Stories tell us,
Against the younger, sprightly Fellows :
When frolicksome (for Boys are wild)
They chanc'd to get the Maids with Child :
Would sternly take the Cause in Hand,
And both the Parties reprimand,
With utmost Rigour would enforce
The rigid Laws that came in Course,
Nor ever in the least excuse
That slight *faux pas* so much in Use :
And yet by some 'twas shrewdly thought,
That he himself was sometimes naught ;

F

For

For by the Neighbours was it said,
 He was familiar with his Maid;
 But strangely Time brings Things about,
 As *Murder* some odd Time will out;
 And so it hap'd, - one luckless Night,
 When Love unusual fir'd the Knight;
 His Post so boldly he maintain'd,
 The fatal Proofs of it remain'd;
 For scarce four Months were gone and past,
 E'er *Betty* swell'd about the Waist;
 But warn'd before of this Disaster,
 The fearful Wench inform'd her Master;
 Who (as it is the Sinner's Way
 To put far off the Evil Day)
 Neglects her till so large it made her,
 That to the Neighbours it betray'd her.
 Now good Sir *John* begins to stir,
 And trembles for his Character;
 Advises *Betty*, full of Care,
 The Bastard not on him to swear;
 That if she'll put Disgrace aside,
 He'll for the Child and her provide.
Betty, whose Conscience wond'rous nice is,
 Was puzzled in this shameful Crisis;
 But Truth beyond her Virtue prizes,
 And th' Offer secretly despises;
 Yet, as her Circumstances lay,
 Conjectur'd 'twas the wisest Way,
 Resentment and her Thoughts to smother,
 And say she'll lay it on another.

The

The Knight thus eas'd, commits each Whore,
 And scolds with Justice as before ;
 And tho' oft told of *Betty's* failing,
 Pretends to disbelieve their railing,
 'Till Time run on, and *Betty* grew,
 So large to each impartial View,
 That now the Danger was the same,
 Against the cautious Knight's good Name ;
 When now, to keep his Fame, he thought
 And order'd *Betty* to be brought.
 The Quorum sat, the blushing Wench,
 In publick stood before the Bench.
 Sir *John*, who thought himself secure,
 Began to thunder out his Pow'r,
 Demands aloud, who had beguil'd
 Th' unhappy Maid, and got the Child :
 The Book's held out, she stoops to kiss it,
 And if I must disclose who is it,
 She cry'd, that hath my Truth beguil'd,
 Sir *John* is Father to the Child.
 Now sudden Grief, Surprise, and Shame,
 O'erwhelm the Knight, and blast his Fame.
 The Tale each stand'rous Tongue reveals,
 And swells the Story as it tells ;
 To Truth they add a thousand Lies,
 And Shame increases as it flies.
 Girls now unpunish'd stain the Gown,
 And Bastards swarm throughout the Town.

The Cautious MAID.

EE'R *Richard* long had *Nelly* woo'd,
And sigh'd, and swore, and whin'd and
su'd.

The buxom Wench began to feel
Those Passions, *Dick* had feign'd so well :
Which now, he saw, with ravish'd Eye,
And thought the happy Moment nigh ;
In Fancy joy'd the future Bliss,
And closer press'd the melting Kifs.
At length, the warm, impatient Swain
No longer could his Flame restrain ;
But urg'd, in plainer Terms, the Maid ;
And stole at Midnight to her Bed.
Here down he kneel'd ; and, all on Fire,
Awak'd the Virgin's fond Desire :
And yet, *ah ! do not*, now she cries,
Ah ! do not force me, Swain, *to rise*.
Oh ! no, the eager Youth replied,
I mean to grace my *Nelly's* Side,
When now the trembling Virgin view'd
Her Lover resolute and rude ;
For fear of future Grief and Pain,
Made first this Bargain with the Swain,
Which, smiling, he engag'd to keep,
That she should undisturbed sleep.
Thus, cautious *Nell* th'Affair adjusted,
(A Man's own Vows might sure be trusted !)

If

If then should follow Grief or Shame ;
 Know hence, on whom should fall the Blame :
 If *Richard* but his Bargain kept,
 I'll answer't *Nell* a Virgin kept.

The CHRISTMAS PIE.

A comic T A L E.

NE A R *Bedford* Town, of ancient Fame,
 A red-hair'd Plowman, *Dick* by Name,
 Long liv'd, and long had been in Love
 With *Kate* the Cook-maid of the *Grove*.
 At length impatient of Delay,
 He bids her fix the nuptial Day ;
 The blushing Nymph, o'erspread with Grease,
 Cries e'en, dear *Richard*, when you please.
 She said ---- in Raptures, *Richard* flies
 To kiss the Maid, and warmly cries,
 Had you but said as much before ---
 When now *Kate's* Master op'd the Door.
 For Shame, quoth she, then rakes the Fire,
Richard keep off, d'ye see the Squire.
Dick turn'd, look'd silly, leer'd at *Kate*,
 And kept up closer to the Grate.
 The Squire facetious, young and gay,
 Had *Richard* known before to Day,

And thus began, Why Man so sad ?
 What does your *Christmas* prove so bad ?
 I don't know, Sir, quoth *Dick*, for that,
 (Biting the Corners of his Hat)
 Not quite so well one might desire.
 That's bad indeed, replies the Squire.
 Here *Kitty* quickly take the Key,
 And fetch the large minc'd Pie to me.
 Aye do so *Kate*, quoth *Dick*, behind,
 And bring the largest you can find.
 But lo ! the promis'd Blessing comes,
 Well stor'd with Sweetmeats, Spices, Plumbs ;
 Alluring Sight ! when thus the Squire,
 Come, *Dick*, here's something I require,
 To which if you will but comply,
 Your's shall be all the *Christmas* Pie. }
 What all ? yes all, the Squire's Reply
 Know *Richard* then, the Case is this,
 You must forbear our *Kate* to kiss ;
 Quite from her dripping Pan remove,
 And never tell her more of Love.
Kate star'd at this, *Dick* cast an Eye
 First on the Wench, and then the Pie.
 But Judgment not to form in Haste,
 Permission begs that he might taste.
Dick tasted, and the Taste approv'd,
 Then doubted which he better lov'd.
 Women, 'tis said, are good, he cries,
 But are they half so good as Pies ?

To fix Resolve he strove in vain,
 So wisely ask'd to taste again.
 Again he tastes, again approves,
 Nor longer doubts which best he loves :
 The Trial's past, the Conflict's o'er,
 And *Kitty* triumphs now no more.
 But fearing lest the slighted Maid,
 Might lay the Ladle o'er his Head,
 He turns to th' Squire, and makes reply,
 Sir, if you please, I'll take the *Pie*.
 The *Pie*! the Squire repeats aloud,
 Well chosen *Dick*, the *Pie* was good.
 At this enrag'd, the furious Cook
 Fast hold her pow'rful Rival took :
Dick knew her Strength, and bravely try'd
 To hold as fast the other Side :
 Each pull'd, nor pull'd at last in vain,
 For oh! the Platter split in twain.
Dick mad at this so sad Disaster,
 Now d——d the Wench, and now her Master;
 Stamp'd, swore aloud, and curst his Fate,
 Then view'd the *Pie*---and scratch'd his Pate.
 But when he saw the luscious Grease,
 The Fat and Plumbs o'erspread the Place ;
 To save it from the Jaws of *Tray*,
 Whose liquorish Chops were fast at Play ;
 In Haste he kneels upon the Floor,
 And murmuring calls his *Kitty* Whore.
 The angry Nymph enrag'd anew,
 With all her Force at *Richard* flew.

The Squire well pleas'd, stood laughing by,
 And cried, O *Dick*, you've spoil'd the Pie.
 He turn'd his Head, and 'gan to rise,
 When oh ! too fatal to his Eyes,
Kate, to compleat his dire Disgrace,
 With Pie all o'er besmear'd his Face.
Tray, willing not a Bit to lose,
 Seizes fast hold his plaister'd Nose ;
Dick now began aloud to roar,
 And drives directly to the Door,
 Nor sees the spatter'd *Pie*, nor angry *Kitty* more. }

The FRIAR.

A TALE.

VICE couch'd beneath the fair Disguise,
 Of specious Innocence or Lies,
 Prevails o'er each unguarded Friend,
 And those betrays it should defend ;
 Whilst Dupes think no Hypocrisy,
 Beneath Religion's Mask can lie.
 A Friar in *Toledo* known,
 For Deeds his Piety had done,
 Tho' he, or Fame the Man belies,
 Had ev'ry Share of ev'ry Vice ;
 Would ever cast a lustful Eye,
 His Female Penitents to try,

And

And search the secret Soul within,
 To see where lay their fav'rite Sin,
 Trace deep the Bottom of their Hearts,
 For Crimes that spring from inmost Parts;
 His Traps on ev'ry Side were set,
 And all was Fish that came to Net:
 All this I learn'd from one who knew
 The Man, and tells my Tale as true.
 A Penitent of his, had wed
 A rich old Banker to her Bed,
 And still, alas! remain'd a Maid.
 She too resolv'd, for say what Fair
 Such Usage can be thought to bear?
 That as she did not want for Spirit,
 Her ghostly Father soon should hear it;
 As he the properest Person was,
 To be inform'd of such a Case;
 And thus the Rev'rend brawny Priest,
 In these or Terms like these address'd.
 O pious Father! well you know,
 (Tho' I may think it long ago.)
 When I was first to *Gripez* wed,
 Our mutual Vows at th' Altar paid;
 I thought indeed that I had Beauty,
 Enough to raise him up to Duty,
 Whoe'er could think but so 'twould be?
 But oh! he's all neglect to me:
 Each Night fast snoring by my Side,
 He lies regardless of his Bride;
 When first to nuptial Bed I came,
 I thought to quench a virtuous Flame:

}

But oh! the Shame to have it said,
 Supine he slept all Night in Bed,
 Whilst I expectant laid awake,
 But Modesty forbad to speak,
 'Tho' oft I cough'd, and turn'd around,
 No waking from his Sleep profound:
 This Night went on, another came
 And went, for *Gripez* was the same,
 Till many a Day and Night had pass'd,
 All vain and fruitless as the last,
 'Till after tedious Time I'd tarried,
 I ask'd him plainly why he married:
 Nay, good dear Spouse he cried, be easy,
 And I for once will strive to please ye;
 He strove, but ah! he strove in vain,
 Now down, now up, now down again;
 'Till after many a weak Endeavour,
 He cried, alas! oh! never! never!
 In vain, my Spouse, you urge your Suit,
 For by *St. Paul* I cannot do't.
 To you, good Father, I reveal
 My Case, for you the best can tell,
 What more becomes me now to do,
 Good Reverence, I appeal to you:
 Enough she said to raise Desire,
 In one less pamper'd than the Friar,
 Who scarce his raptur'd Joy contains,
 (His Blood high boiling in his Veins)
 But putting on a specious Face,
 An hypocritic Shew of Grace,

In pious Terms, ah! good Confessor,
 He plainly thus begins t'address her.
 Good Daughter, well you have confess'd,
 To whom your Grievs may be redress'd,
 And all your Grievance open laid,
 The Failure of the Marriage Bed.
 Sad Grievance! oh the dire Miscarriage!
 To live a Virgin after Marriage;
 But ever-more shall Woman kind
 In me a faithful Pastor find;
 These Things, tho' sad, are now so common,
 That you are not the only Woman,
 Who disappointed when she's wed,
 Has found a Cypher in the Bed!
 Else why dost think our Church ordains,
We ne'er should wear the Marriage Chains.
 But that we ever should be ready,
 T'affist each kind unhappy Lady,
 And chearfully our Grace dispense,
 Where Husbands fail thro' Impotence?
 As *Gripez* by the Church was giv'n,
 I hope to see him safe in Heav'n,
 But how can he get there, I trow?
 Unless his Work be done below;
 And as you say his Strength doth fail,
 And all you do cannot prevail,
 My Duty bids me help a Neighbour,
 And save his Feebleness the Labour.
 She answers — in a modest Way,
 I ne'er the Church would disobey,

But never did I hear before,
 Why ev'ry Priest's a Batchelor,
 Nor can I, I must needs say boldly
 Believe one Syllable you've told me,
 But think the Church it's good Pretence,
 Is Chastity and Abstinence.
 The Friar vers'd in ev'ry Art,
 Of treach'rous Cunning, top'd his Part,
 I grant you, gentle Maiden Bride,
 In tone of Logic soft he cried;
 We never but on these Occasions,
 Reveal the Church its private Reasons,
 Nor till but unto those who need,
 The right Intentions of the Deed;
 But are enjoin'd always to hide,
 The same from all the World beside.
 In vain sh'endeavour'd to withstand,
 He took his Argument in Hand,
 And notwithstanding all she said,
 Convinc'd her fairly on the Bed.
 But that perhaps you'll think no Wonder,
 A feeble Creature should knock under;
 For what's a Woman at the best,
 Against a strong back'd learned Priest?
 And we are apt to say he's no Man,
 That cannot reason down a Woman.
 His Argument of mighty Force,
 With innate Virtue ply'd her close,
 Yet soon she was prevail'd upon,
 To trust unto the Church alone,

And

And think the healing Balm h'had giv'n,
 Was but a Specimen of Heav'n.
 Of which to please her luscious Taste,
 She'd oft partake (a sweet Repast)
 Too oft, for oh! the Fair beguil'd,
 Soon found within a growing Child,
 Nor how in this Dilemma knows,
 Shall she appear before her Spouse,
 Who, conscious of what's said before,
 Must certain think she was a Whore;
 But first the Friar was appriz'd,
 Who bids her be by him advis'd,
 To cherish what she found within,
 For that to hurt it was a Sin:
 She willing promises t'obey,
 Whilst he another Game should play.
 Gripez is order'd to appear,
 He's something for his private Ear;
 He came, he bow'd, and sat him down,
 The Wife is order'd to be gone,
 Whilst with the Priest he sat alone.
 Don Gripez, quoth the lech'rous Priest,
 How long is't since you was confess'd?
 I fear some vile and heinous Sin,
 Lies undiscover'd yet within;
 Last Night, the Consequence I dread,
 As I was sleeping in my Bed,
 Appear'd a Vision to my View,
 That seem'd to point its Rage on you;
 A Throng, too many to be told,
 Of Men, some young, but most were old,

By

By Devils black, with Cloven Feet,
 Were drove with Whips along the Street;
 When as just by your Door they pass'd,
 An ill-look'd Fiend that limp'd the last,
 Cried out to those who went before,
 Hollo ! Friends, this is *Gripez* Door :
 At this two Negroe Imps came back,
 And forc'd *you* Headlong in a Sack,
 Just then your hallowing made me wake :
 But e'er I'woke, I heard it said,
 You had been false to nuptial Bed.
 Ah ! Sir, cried *Gripez*, wicked Traitor !
 I'm sure that Devil is no better,
 And all this Dream is his Suggestion,
 I'll swear that Crime's aside the Question,
 For by the by, with you I'm free,
 My Wife is still a Maid for me ;
 Then how could he pretend to say,
 That ever I had went astray.
 Ah ! there it is. O worse ! and worse !
 Avert good Heaven th'impending Curse !
 The Priest exulting, roar'd aloud,
 And fearful *Gripez* trembling stood.
 Alas ! good Father, what dost say ?
 Will Devils hurry me away ?
 Because I'm impotent and old,
 And cannot do as I am told :
 To this the Priest with threat'ning Air,
 Don *Gripez* lend attentive Ear.
 An Hundred Crowns give up to me,
 To be employ'd in Charity,

And

And I will pray to St. *Augustin*,
 To give that impious Devil his basting,
 And notwithstanding thus you live,
 To make your Virgin Wife conceive,
 Who when perhaps she finds it out,
 Will wonder how it came about,
 And tho' 'tis done by Pow'r supreme,
 Will think you got it in a Dream;
 And more to add unto your Credit,
 'Tis now four Months since first you wedded,
 That Time may seem not too prolix,
 It shall be born in less than six;
 Whilst you by all shall be caress'd,
 By Wife and Child extremely blest.
 Don *Gripez* trembled to the Soul,
 To hear of parting with the *Cole*,
 Yet much he fear'd if he should fail,
 Old Nick would catch him by the Tail;
 And thinking too on t'other Side,
 To satisfy his carping Bride,
 And if the Priest such Things would do,
 What Happiness would thence ensue;
 So after Things maturely weigh'd,
 Consented, and the Coin was paid,
 Thinking those People acted best,
 Who of two Evils choose the least.
 The Friar (well with Money stor'd)
 Most punctually perform'd his Word;
 A Son was born, all Doubts were eas'd,
 A Husband, Wife, and Friar pleas'd.

The L Y A R.
An HEROIC TALE.

REmote from Cities in a Country Town,
There liv'd an honest, but an hapless Clown.
Hapless indeed ! for if Report is true,
Th' unhappy Man was wedded to a Shrew.
And what perplex'd th'ill-fated Spouse the more,
He fear'd from Reason, that she was a Whore.
How hard his Lot ! who thus a Wife doth wed,
At once to stun his Ears, and load his Head.
How many worthy *Heads* deserve our Pity ;
But Custom smothers Evils in the City.

But to our Tale — The Muse each Name contrives,
The Husband's *Jasper*, *Dorcas* was the Wife's.
Each Day Gallants came swarming to his House ;
Each Day she riots her unansw'ring Spouse ;
Who feels he suffers by th' unruly Dame,
At home in Substance, and abroad in Fame.
He strives to guard his Honour, and his Cost ;
But gentle Admonition is but lost,
Good Words he finds are thrown away in vain.
Then Bad he uses, they but bad again.
Now fully bent to stop this growing Evil,
He plots to undermine this wily Devil ;
Each Lover at th'accustom'd Hour he watches,
Fix'd to dismember ey'ry one he catches.

Fruit-

Fruitless Resolve! his Bus'ness he neglects,
 And strives in vain to trap the wary Sex.
 She sends to each Gallant her private Reasons
 Why Love must be deferr'd to proper Seasons.
 Thus all the Husband's labour'd Scheme's disjointed.

And thus his cunning Aims are disappointed.
 Yet so it is, that Time or Chance, betrays
 A hundred luckless Things, a hundred Ways.
 'Twas on a Day, when Business call'd the Clown
 Twenty long Miles to a distant Market Town,
 Abroad he goes at early Morning Light,
 And bids her not expect him home at Night.
Dorcas cou'd ne'er let slip such fair Occasion,
 But sends a kind Gallant an Invitation.
 He comes, he treats, when she for fresh Delight,
 Dismiss'd one Lover, for a new at Night.
 Mean time jogg'd *Jasper*, on his hobbling Jade,
 A second *Rosinante*, a sorry Steed!
 Against whose Sides full oft the Spur was play'd,
 And cross his Buttocks Lash repeated laid.
 But e'er on's Journey he had rode half Way,
 Tir'd on the Road the panting Courser lay:
 His easy Amble having quite forgot,
 Nor Lash could make him reassume the Trot.
 Here then he leaves him, not too good to lose,
 And then his Journey on his Feet pursues.
 Now *Jasper* was on Neighbour's Errand sent,
 To pay his Landlord certain Sums of Rent;
 Full fifteen Pounds were in his Pocket told,
 No Matter which, in Silver or in Gold.

True

True says the Proverb, as myself have known,
 That one Misfortune seldom comes alone.
 'Twas so with *Jasper*, scarce his Horse was spent,
 But Robbers came and robb'd him of his Rent.
 He would have fought, but thinking as I'm told,
 His Bones were his, and that was not the Gold:
 He gave it calmly up, nor further car'd;
 But homeward somewhat pensive back repair'd.
 Thus as he travell'd, dusky Night came on
 Or dark it was, or lighted by the Moon.
 But to the Muse indulgent Pardon show,
 She cannot tell you — what she does not know.
 But this we're told, that e'er he reach'd his home,
 The doleful Midnight Hour of Twelve was come;
 Much he's surpriz'd, at such a Time to catch
 The Door unbolted, shutting on the Latch.
Dorcas too busy with her Lover's Charms,
 Ne'er thought of Doors, but slept within his Arms:
 Now fell Suspicions dart in *Jasper's* Brain,
 Tho' glad so opportune he's Home again.
 He creeps, and listens at the Chamber Door,
 And overhears two sleeping Noses snore;
 Then from his Pocket drew a swinging Knife,
 Resolv'd to stab the Lover, or the Wife.
 But stopt to think before he ventur'd on,
 If aught could better in the Case be done.
 Now Fear usurp'd a Place in *Jasper's* Breast,
 And thus returning Reason doth suggest.
 Suppose I wreck my Vengeance, then may I
 Perhaps for Murder on the Gallows die;

Or

Or on the Lover only, then my Wife
 Would sooner take away, than spare my Life:
 Or if on both, I know not how to doubt
 That Proverb, *Murder some odd Time will out.*
 Thus reas'ning, Vengeance he deferr'd till Morn,
 Softly retir'd, and stroak'd each budding Horn.
 At Neighbour's House he spends the later Night,
 Home to return before the Morning Light.
 At early Day he thunders at his Door,
 But the Gallant was ris'n, and gone before.
 From her soft Sleep the treach'rous *Dorcas* wakes,
 And thro' the broken-Pane i'th' Casement speaks;
 As tho' so chaste, in th' Absence of her Spouse
 She could admit no Soul into the House.
Who's at the Door? pray tell me who you are?
 'Tis I, quoth *Jasper*, I your Husband dear.
 Then up she gets, seems glad that he is come,
 And with a *Judas* Kiss he's Welcome home.
Jasper most Men in Temper did excel,
 But when provok'd, could weild a Cudgel well:
 Enrag'd to see his Spouse her Treachery,
 Cries *Dorcas*, who to Night did with you lie?
 None, jealous Monster, with a Toss she cries,
 And all her Temper lightens in her Eyes.
 Aha! cries *Jas.* (regardless of her Brow)
 My loving, faithful Spouse, I've caught you now.
 Thus fully bent on taming of the Shrew,
 His Words were scarce precedent to a Blow.
 In's Hand he held a knotted Taper Crab,
 With which he smartly lac'd the jilting Drab.

Aloud

Aloud she bawl'd, and beg'd him to refrain,
 But still he lash'd, and still she begg'd in vain :
 When as it hap'd, in middle of the Fray
 A Brother Clown (that chanc'd to pass that Way)
Ben was his Name, came in to part the Strife
 And ask'd why *Jasper* thus abus'd his Wife.
 Why ! *Ben*, cries *Jasper*, dost thou ask me why ?
 Then lash'd again. I've caught her in a Lye.
 Is lying then *alone* ? quoth *Ben*, the Cause
 Of all this Noise, and wond'rous Waste of Blows.
 No — not *alone*, quoth *Jasper*, honest *Ben*,
 It is because she lies with — *other Men*.

The FLEA.

GOT on a Bed of clean Wheat Straw,
 Born on a wand'ring Gypsy's Thigh,
 My Body fair, without a Flaw,
 The comeliest of Fleas am I.

My Foster Mother, (full of Love
 Kiss'd by a Soldier in a Lane,)
 I left, with him abroad to rove ;
 And starv'd, and pin'd a whole Campaign.

In thickest Ranks I dar'd the Foe,
 And oh ! what mighty Feats did we !
 Not one but fear'd my Master's Blow,
 — I hop'd to be a General's Flea.

But

But lean and ragged home we came,
 No *Food*, tho' Plenty of *Renown*;
 And here at home 'twas much the same,
 'Till quarter'd in a Country Town:

There *Jove* decreed me better Fate,
 I from this *Æra* took new Life,
 My Son of *Mars* and I both eat
 Delicious Food! the Parson's Wife.

At Church and Pray'rs, then most devout,
 I grew to be a Flea of Grace,
 But hardly scap'd a cracking Bout
 For nipping in a *sacred Place*.

At Night I to the *Parson* stole;
 Where every Bliss at large I found,
 My *Tytbes* I took without Controul,
 And *fed* on all the *Parish* round:

Cloy'd with Variety, and Ease,
 I fain a Rural Life wou'd taste,
 And one cool Ev'ning 'mongst the Peas,
 Fix'd on a brown Girl's Buttocks fast.

The 'Squire's Steward, a rich old Elf,
 Oft routed me, and teaz'd my Dame,
 She pack'd her Cards, and got his Pelf,
 But *John* the Groom, play'd all the Game;

With

With Child she prov'd, — the Steward's the
 Sire, —
 — And not a single Word of *John*,
 I bit; old *Roger* offer'd Hire,
 But still she swore 'twas his alone.

The Guests all bid to a *Christ'ning* for't,
 I hopp'd and jump'd from Chair to Chair;
 'Twas I that made the only Sport,
 And tickled every Gossip there.

From *Peg* to honest *John* I fled,
 By him was to my *Lady* bore,
 I revell'd in a Damask Bed,
 And ne'er had such soft Limbs before.

The 'Squire quite blind to all her Charms,
 Or snor'd, or staid out all the Night,
 I wander'd o'er her Neck, her Arms,
 And envied *John* such vast Delight:

Oft when she slept, I'd gently move,
 Dwell on her Thighs, with Rapture blest,
 Or wrap me in the *Down of Love*,
 Or wanton on her swelling Breast.

Pride seiz'd the beauteous Fair-One's Heart,
 In Coach and Six to Court convey'd,
 I thought it Prudence to depart,
 And so took up a nobler Trade.

Upon

Upon a modest looking *Prude*

I leap'd, and thought myself secure,
But found her manifestly lewd,
Her virtuous Face was but a Lure:

On Chairs, in Corners, on the Ground,
With sighing, panting out of Breath,
She kept such a continual Round,
That I was almost press'd to Death.

On M^{ai}-ds of H^{onour} I have fed,
And thence on 'Squires, Lords and Dukes,
And have with them been oft a-bed,
With Scullions, Chambermaids, and Cooks.

Ambition then my Heart possest,
I on a Royal Garment leap'd;
But Grandeur rarely makes us blest,
For there with Life I hardly scap'd.

In every Change and State of Life,
From wand'ring Beggar to a King,
I've been, and heard the * canting *Coif*,
And heavenly *Farinelli* sing.

A *Doctor* from his Wife's plump Thigh,
Gaping stedfast, took me up,
And all my Beauties did descry,
As poring thro' his Microscope.

* D——d.

She

She to his 'Prentice me convey'd
One Summer Evening on a Bench,
And he, a roaring, youthful Blade,
Strait gave me to a *Cinder-wench*.

Thus let the round be where it will,
With *Men* and *Fleas* 'tis all the same;
We hurry to our *Center* still,
And end but there, from whence we came.

O *Man*! thou Wretch! where tends thy Pride?
Thou art a *Being* frail as I,
Reason and Sense our State divide,
Both *Men* and *Fleas* are born and die.

The LOUSE.

In Imitation of the FLEA.

GOT in an Alley near St. Bow,
Born on a sturdy Beggar's Smock,
My Mother, tho' of humble Show,
Yet fed me best of all her Flock:

One Ev'ning as she took her Stand
In Alley blind, in hopes of Prey;
A young Attorney squeez'd her Hand,
And strait they went to amorous Play.

From

From her to him I soon did haste,
 (Who felt me not when full of Sport)
 By him convey'd, I soon did taste
 The Pleasures of an *Inn of Court*.

When he, dead drunk, in Sleep was bound,
 I thought to sup upon his Face;
 But to my great Surprise I found,
 'Twas all impenetrable Brass!

From thence strait to his Head I went,
 Which made me ample Recompence:
 It's Softness did my Heart content,
 Nor had it e'er been hurt by Sense.

'Tho' I obscure, liv'd out of Sight,
 Great Actions in my Life you'll find;
 For I with wond'rous Art did bite
 The Man who cozen'd all Mankind.

To dine at Commons, Taverns sup,
 Still with my Master did I trudge,
 I had my Share of ev'ry Cup,
 And I have laugh'd before a Judge.

My Master having once a Cause,
 Where many Counsel were to plead;
 With roaring Skill t'evade the Laws,
 And make the Villain's Ways succeed.

I heard the Cause, and saw the Crowd,
 Sure Loufe was ne'er so tofs'd about,
 But when the Counsel pleaded loud,
 I lost my Senses in the Rout.

In vain into the Wig's Retreat,
 To shield me from the Noise I fly,
 When those Law-Organs but retreat,
 What Loufe but with the Fright must die?

A Shout, they say, once clear'd the Air,
 And kill'd the feather'd People round;
 So when loud Counsel roar and stare,
 No Fly can in the Hall be found.

No Traps to catch the harmless Mouse,
 Or put the gnawing Rat to Death,
 A Lawyer need not crack the Loufe,
 Since they can murder with their Breath.

With much ado I left the Rout,
 So tired that I scarce could stir,
 Wanting a Place I look'd about,
 And hid me in the Judge's Furr.

From him I to his Lady stole,
 (I always lov'd the Fair Sex best)
 There view'd each Part without Controul,
 And revell'd in her Neck and Breast.

She,

She, in her Husband's Absence frail,
 Indulg'd herself in Actions dark ;
 And while Love's Pleasures did prevail,
 I left the Fair, and seiz'd her Spark.

By him convey'd, I reach'd the Court,
 I never saw so fine a Show ;
 Statesmen I found of no Import,
 The *Manly Belle*, and *Female Beau* ;

To Tea-Tables I daily went,
 And heard the Tittle-tattle there ;
 Where all condemn'd with one Consent,
 The Wise, the Modest, Brave and Fair.

At dear Quadrille we often met,
 The modish Ladies chief Delight,
 Where Winners smile, and Losers fret,
 And peevish spend the tedious Night;

Here Ladies lose what Tradesmen claim ;
 By Nightly Revels Beauty's marr'd,
 The Husband's Fortune, Joy and Fame,
 And Peace are barter'd for a Card.

With me these Parties ne'er agreed,
 Who ever liv'd a sober Louse,
 So I resolv'd, with utmost Speed,
 To change my Mannor and my House.

Strait to a Gamester's Wig I fled,
 A Man of noted Wealth and Birth,
 Who when he lost so scratch'd his Head,
 That I was almost claw'd to Death.

A Coquette's Tow'r I then possess,
 Whose Head a constant Wagging kept,
 At Ball nor Play I ne'er cou'd rest,
 Nor ever once in Quiet slept.

Then crawl'd into a Beau's Toupee,
 Who did his Manners so unfold,
 His Hat was off continually,
 That I was almost starv'd with Cold.

Beneath a City Belle's lac'd Quoif
 At Ease luxuriously I fed,
 'Till cruel B—— cut me off,
 To ease the charming Fair-One's Head.

The Lady blush'd to see me fall,
 And angry B—— swore in *French*,
 Then strait she did for *Betty* call,
 And box'd, and thus abus'd the Wench.

You faucy Slut, whose only Care
 Is dressing me, in all this House,
 Yet have I found, oh sad Despair!
 Upon my Head a monstrous Louse!

My hideous Form they censur'd much,
 Not one to pity me was found,
 Not one my Body dar'd to touch,
 At sight of me, they scratch'd all round.

Betty with utmost Haste was sent,
 My Ruin thro'ly to compleat,
 To execute the joint Consent,
 And throw me strait into the Street.

There wrapt in Hair I sadly lay,
 My tortur'd Fancy full of Pain,
 'Till *Molly Rag* pass'd by that way,
 And kindly pick'd me up again.

Carried by her, I now live here
 Amidst *St. Giles's* Lousy Pack,
 Exempt from ev'ry anxious Fear,
 But the untimely, deadly Crack.

So after all my Care and Strife,
 Pleas'd like Mankind, like him in Pain,
 Both he and I must yield up Life,
 And quiet, turn to Dust again.

P O O R D I C K.
A T A L E.

AS *Richard* walk'd with *Peggy*, hand in hand,
Reason cou'd scarce their fierce Desires com-
mand,

His wishing Eyes did his fond Longings tell,
Her Breasts with equal Longings rose and fell.

Peggy was bashful, *Richard* was too slow,
Both long'd to tell their Wish, yet knew not how.

In trembling Accents *Richard* thus begun,

Peggy, your Beauty has my Peace undone ;

Where'er I go, you still are in my Mind,

No other Thought can there Admittance find,

Or thrashing here, or praying in the Pew,

Your Image does my scatter'd Thoughts pursue.

He said ; and blushing turn'd his Face away

To hear what *Peggy* in return would say ;

Who was o'erjoy'd to hear the Swain so kind,

And was resolv'd she wou'd not lag behind.

Richard, said she,

I've often thought your Hands were softer much

Than any Swain's that I did ever touch ;

Your pleasant Eyes with greater Lustre shine,

And Cherry Cheeks, and whitest Teeth are thine ;

Your shining Hair, in gayer Ringlets flows,

And ev'ry Feature still superior shews.

O'erjoy'd, the Shepherd kiss'd the lovely Maid,

Which she with wanton Eagerness repaid.

A Kifs, good Gods! which might the Coldest
fire,

And raise in wintry Age, a young Desire.
But he, who never knew the like before
Broke into vile Abuse, and call'd her Whore;
To hawking fell, and wiping of his Mouth,
And often swore, the Kifs was quite uncouth.
Peggy, finding her Kindness thus abus'd,
Of weak Stupidity the Swain accus'd;
Shew'd him his Folly, and her kind Intent,
And blushing told him what that Softness meant;
Richard with Tears his Folly did repent,
And try'd each Art the Damsel to content, }
But all in vain, *Peggy* wou'd ne'er relent,
Enrag'd, she swore she wou'd revenge the Trick,
So sent him packing with an — Ah *Poor Dick*!

A REAL CASE.

A WIT told *Celia*, that the Fair
In Fame resembled *China* Ware.
Indeed! says she, — well if we do
I've had this Dish — Years — twenty two —
To prove its Strength she took it up,
And whilst she prais'd it, crack'd the Cup.

A S O N G.

I.

THE rosy Morn unbar'd her Gate
To let the Day appear,
When I afraid of b'ing too late
Stole softly to my Dear.

II.

Wrap'd in a pleasing Sleep she lay,
Her Veil was loosely spread,
Which did her tender Limbs betray,
Nor kept one Beauty hid.

III.

I gently stole an am'rous Kiss,
Which crimson'd o'er her Face;
Nor yet content with such a Bliss,
Sought a diviner Place.

IV.

Ye Pow'rs ! when panting on her Breast,
No greater Boon I'd sue,
I'ad all the Transports of the blest,
A Heav'n in every View.

V.

Her Eyes then op'ning like the Day
Emit a piercing Beam ;
She wak'd — I stole with Speed away,
She took it for a Dream.

The LADY's DELIGHT.

ALMERIA loves her dearest *Pugg* so much,
 Her Soul feels Pleasure at the Creature's
 Touch :

Nor at less Price does she her Gelding rate,
 But thinks him hardly us'd to bear her Weight ;
 No Animals she has at her Command,
 But daily tastes the Bounties of her Hand :
 Such soft Humanity wou'd sure atone,
 For all the Evils Woman-kind have done —
 She is so fond of Beasts, she has made her Husband
 one. }

The Contraste of BEAUTY.

SALLY and *Molly*, tho' of different hues,
 In every Heat one am'rous Fire infuse ;
Sally is Fair, white as the driven Snow ;
 Her flaxen *Locks* in curled Ringlets flow,
Molly's like Jet, with shining black Surprise,
 Her Face is *Night*, two Stars her radiant Eyes.
Sally's feint Charms are pallid as the Moon.
Molly's an Umber-Shade gilt by the Sun :
 This like the *Lilly* seems unspotted fair,
 That like the purple *Violet* does appear ;
Molly's the ripen'd *Autumn's* Fruits imparts ;
Sally like frosty *Winter* chills all Hearts,

She charms my Sight, yet shuns me, crows and
 eoy;
Molly leaps to my Arms and melts in Joy;
 Then here I fix, since different each invites,
Sally my Days shall share, *Molly* my Nights.

SYLVIA'S RETREAT.

A S O N G.

I.

S*YLVIA*, on her Arms reclining,
 In a shady Grove's Retreat,
 Lay in loose Attire designing, *Fal, la, la, &c.*
 To avoid the sultry Heat.

II.

Tho' unveil'd, she thought no *Stander-*
By cou'd view the lonely Fair,
 While young *Zephyrs* came and fann'd her, *Fal,*
la, la, &c.
 Beauteous Face with fragrant Air.

III.

There the bloomy Nymph lay panting,
 Sighing for her absent Swain!
 There extended, she lay wanting, *Fal, la, la, &c.*
 Him to ease her Love-sick Pain.

IV.

IV.

Soon, the happy Youth who won her,
To the kind Retreat drew near,
And in Transport gaz'd upon her, *Fal, la, la, &c.*
Charms repos'd in Slumber there.

V.

Love persuaded, 'twas no Sin to
Vent his Flames without Debate,
So he boldly enter'd into, *Fal, la, la, &c.*
Tales of Love with Sylvia strait.

C U P I D L O S T.

AS *Cupid* wander'd out one Day,
He by Misfortune lost his Way;
Ask'd every Shepherd, that he met,
If they could guide him to *Love's Seat* :
Says *One*, in *Celia's Cheeks* it lies,
In *Sapho's Neck*, in *Cloe's Eyes* ;
Another — 'twas in *Silvia's Smiles*,
In *Delia's Wit*, in *Laura's Wiles*.
Or in full Triumph did appear
In *Sally's* flowing golden *Hair*.

Amaz'd he knew not where to roam,
Nor where to find a Friendly Home ;
The beamy Sun in Mid-day blaze
Now parch'd the Earth with sultry Rays,

When *Clara* shun'd his warm Approach,
 Undrest and slumb'ring on a Couch,
 All bare her Limbs, — The God afraid,
 Unknown had to her Chamber stray'd,
 Fatigued with Travel, seeking Rest,
 He lightly perch'd upon her Breast :
 Her flutt'ring Heart beat an Alarm,
 And wak'd each latent Grace and Charm ;
 To shun the Power of her Eyes,
 Confus'd the little Wand'rer flies,
 And stealing softly from above,
 I've found, says he, the *Seat of Love* :
Venus ! 'Tis thy Idalian Grove.

}

To a SCOLD who happen'd to F——t in
 COMPANY.

MADAM your Mouth and A——e keep
 Time 'so well,
 I know not which in Merit does excel :
 But if I might my Judgment freely pass,
 I think I'd give the Preference to your A——e :
 Your Words Abuse, do modest Virtue sink,
 While gentle F——ts do only bounce and stink ;
 And if you wou'd my Maxims but obey,
 You'd never prattle any other Way ;
 For that Offence, but in a Room we find ;
 Your talking Folly stinks to all Mankind.

An

An O D E to Mr. G—K.

*When I said I would die a Batchelor, I did not
think I should live till I was married.*

Much Ado about Nothing.

NO, no ; the Left-Hand Box in Blue ;
There don't you see Her? See Her? Who?
Nay, hang me if I tell ?
There's G—*k* in the Musick Box ;
Watch but his Eyes ! — his Eyes ! O p---x !
‘ Your Servant Ma'moiselle !

But tell me, D—*d*, is it true?
Lord help us ! what will some Folks do !—
How will they court this Stranger !
What ! fairly taken in for Life,
A sober, serious, wedded Life,
O, fie upon you, *Ranger* !

The Clergy too have join'd the Cheat :
A Papist ! has he thought of that !
Or means he to convert her ?
Troth, Boy, unless your Zeal be stout,
The Nymph may turn your Faith about,
By Arguments experter.

The Ladies pale, and out of Breath,
Wild as the Witches in *Macbeth*,

Ask

Ask if the Deed be done :
O, *D—d* ! listen to thy Lay,
I'll prophesy the Things they'll say,
For Tongues, you know, will run.

And, pray, what other News d'ye hear ?
Married ! — But don't you think, my Dear,
He's growing out of Fashion
People may fancy what they will,
But *Qu—n*'s the only Actor still,
To touch the tender Passion.

Nay, Madam, did you mind last Night ;
His *Archer*, not a Line on't right !
I thought I heard some Hisses ;
Good G—d ! if *Billy M—lls*, thought I,
Or *Billy H—v—rd*, wou'd but try,
They'd beat him all to Pieces.

'Twas prudent tho' to drop his *Bays*,
And (*entre nous*) old *C—bb—r* says,
He hopes he'll give up *Richard*.
But then it tickles me to see,
In *Hastings*, such a Shrimp as he,
Attempt to ravish *Pr—ch—rd*.

The Fellow pleas'd me well enough,
In — What d'ye call it, *H—dl—y*'s Stuff ;
There's something there like Nature.
Just so in Life he runs about,
Plays at Bo-peep, now in, now out,
But hurts no mortal Creature.

And

And then there's *Belmont*, to be sure;
 O ho! my gentle *Neddy M—re*,
 How does my good Lord Mayor?
 And have you left *Cheapside*, my Dear?
 And will you write again next Year,
 To shew your Favourite Player?

But *Merope*, we own, is fine;
Eumenes charms in every Line;
 How prettily he vapours!
 So gay his Dress, so young his Look,
 One wou'd have sworn 'twas Mr. *Cook*,
 Or *Mat—ws* cutting Capers.

Thus, *D—d*, as the Ladies flout,
 And Councils hold at every Bout,
 To alter all your Plays;
Y—tes shall be *Benedict* next Year,
M—klin, be *Richard*; *Taswell*, *Lear*,
 And *Kitty Cl—ve* be *Bays*.

Two Parts they readily allow,
 Are yours; but not one more they vow:
 And thus they close their Spight:
 You will be Sir *John Brute*, they say,
 A very Sir *John Brute*, all Day,
 And *Fribble* all the Night.

But tell me, Fair Ones, is it so?
 You all did love him once, we know,

What

What then provokes your Gall?
 Forbear to rail, I'll tell you why,
 Quarrels may come, or Madam die,
 And then there's Hopes for all.

And now a Word or two remains,
 Sweet D——y, and I close my Strains;
 Think well e'er you engage;
 Vapours and Ague Fits may come,
 And matrimonial Claims at home,
 Unnerve you for the Stage.

But if you find your Spirits right,
 Your Mind at Ease, and Body tight,
 Take her, you can't do better;
 A P—x upon the tattling Town!
 The Fops that join to cry you down,
 Wou'd give their Ears to get her.

Then, if her Heart be good and kind,
 (And sure that Face bespeaks a Mind
 As soft as Woman's can be)
 You'll grow as constant as a Dove,
 And taste the purer Sweets of Love,
 Unvisited by R——by.

By

By Dean SWIFT.

AS *Thomas* was cudgelled one Day by his
Wife,
He took to his Heels and ran for his Life:
Tom's three dearest Friends came by in the Squabble,
And skreen'd him at once from the Shrew and the
Rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him somewholesome Advice:
But *Tom* is a Fellow of Humour so nice,
Too proud to take Counsel, too wise to take
Warning,
He sent to all Three a Challenge next Morning:
He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his Life,
Then went home again, and was thresh'd by his
Wife.

*On one HUMPHREY BRIGS and his three
Wives.*

HERE lies *Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth
Brigs,*
And *Humphry* their Husband who humm'd all
their Giggs.

On

On GILES and JOAN.

WHO says that *Giles* and *Joan* at Discord
 be,
 The observing Neighbours no such Mood can see ;
 Indeed poor *Giles* repents he married ever,
 But that his *Joan* doth to ; and *Giles* would never,
 By his free Will, be in *Joan*'s Company ;
 No more would *Joan* he should : *Giles* riseth early :
 And having got him out of Doors is glad ;
 The like is *Joan* : But turning Home is sad ;
 And so is *Joan* : Oft-times when *Giles* doth find
 Harsh Sights at Home, *Giles* wishes he were blind :
 All this doth *Joan* : Or, that his long-earn'd Life
 Were quite out spun : The like Wish hath his
 Wife.

The Children that he keeps *Giles* swears are none
 Of his begetting ; and so swears his *Joan*.
 In all Affections she concurrerh still ;
 If now with Man and Wife to will and nill.
 The Self-same Things, a Note of Concord be,
 I know no Couple better can agree.

Coll. of Epigrams Vol. 1. Ep. 137.

EPITAPH on a Wife.

HERE lies my poor Wife, without Bed or
 Blanket,
 But dead as a Door-nail, the good Lord be thank-
 ed.

Coll. of Epigr. Vol. 1. Ep. 285. On

On a famous Toast at OXFORD.

ONE Stone now keeps *Kitty* down,
Who when alive, mov'd half the Stones in
Town.

*Written with the Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S
Pencil. By Mr. POPE.*

ACCEPT a Miracle instead of Wit;
See two dull Lines by *Stanhope's* Pencil writ.

TRUTH told at last.

SAYS *Collin* in Rage, contradicting his Wife,
' You never yet told me one Truth in your
Life.'

Vext *Fanny* no Way could this Thesis allow,
You're a Cuckold, says she, do I tell you Truth
now?

LIARS Compar'd.

SUCH a Liar is *Tom*, there's none can lie
faster,

Excepting his Maid, and she'l lie with her Master.

To

*To a LADY who said it was impossible to
find true Poetical Energy expressed in
four Lines.*

COnqu'rors and Kings submit to Beauty's
Shrine,
Venus, the only Goddess, is Divine ;
Nor *Jove* above, nor G--- who rules this Land,
The Force of these Initials can withstand.

On a CIVILIAN.

A Lusty, old, grave, grey-headed Sire,
Slid to a Wench to quench his Lust's De-
fire :

She ask'd him what Profession he might be ?
I am a Civil Lawyer, Child, quoth he.
A Civil Lawyer, Sir ? you make me muse,
Your Talk's too broad for Civil Men to use :
If Civil Lawyers are such bawdy Men,
Oh what, quoth she, are other Lawyers then ?

AH, me ! quoth *Betty*, who could e'er have
thought,
Such Mischief could arise almost from Nought ?
Which had she known e'er she began to swell,
Each Yard of Pleasure she'd have made an Ell.

*A Translation in modern English of Mr.
P——'s Imitation of Chaucer.*

AN *Oxford* Scholar made a Goose his Prize,
And hid it where the Garb invests the
Thighs ;

Too weak the Buttons prov'd, the Goose too
strong,

And burst its Jail as Ladies pass along ;

The Bill came bolting forth, a ruddy Sight,

The Neck came after, long, and round, and
white ;

The Creature cackling, pertly rais'd its Head,

The Lad look'd foolish, and the Women fled.

“ O Jesu ! Sister *Moll*, said wanton Miss,

“ Is this the Thing wherewith they us'd to
p—— ?

“ 'Tis better far to feed on Coals, or Chalk ;

“ Than trust to faithless Man who's Tail can
talk.”

Thus *Chaucer* whilom did the Fair advise,

That Maids should never sport but with the
Wife.

With sly Conceit, the Bard his Story told,

Then left this Moral, worth its Weight in Gold :

“ *Pardie*, Miss *Betty*, thou didst reason well ;

“ They bear the Goose about that love to tell.”

To a LADY sitting cross-legged for a Gentleman at CARDS.

WHAT various Charms can *Celia* boast,
By Nature how befriended ;
Whose Legs are both a Charm, when cross'd,
And charming, when---extended ?

The T---D.

Humbly presented to the Teeth of Mr. R. T.

MY hard-bound Muse, with straining and
with Pain,
With more than child-birth Throws, alas ! that voids
Her stiff and filthy Excrements, accepts
The Subject with affection kind, a kind
Of love maternal, and thus tunes the Song :

O T---D ! how highly art thou priz'd by Man !
The common Standard thou, by which he rates
The worth of what deserves his best Regards.
Equal with thee the Courtier holds his Friends,
The Man of Pleasure her who made him happy,
The Saint his Species, Moralist his God,
And Virtue all, unprofitable Guest !

The

The choicest Viands that luxurious Art
 Invents, are all for thee: thee to produce
 Bend the full Tables at the costliest Banquet,
 To gain Materials for thy Fabric, Man
 Wears out his Life in labour; thou'rt the End
 Of all: an Emblem thou how vain the Toils,
 The Pleasures, Honours of the World below.
 Full oft we see thee lift thy curling Spire,
 Proud, o'er the Grave of those who once were
 prais'd,
 When Flatt'ry's dumb, and from the mould'ring
 Tomb
 Time tears the Trophy, and blots out the Name;
 Thyself a Trophy, which the *Carian Queen*,
 Who fondly eat her Husband, once preferr'd
 Before the loftiest Monument of Stone;
 The grand Mausoleum she rejecting chose
 To raise an humble Pyramid of *Terr'd*.

The greatest, proudest and the fairest, deign
 Their Visits to thy Shrine, thy Rites perform
 Daily and gladly too. The Monarch there
 Low-bending bows the Knee, nor Kings alone,
 But e'en Immortals think thee worth regard,
 For, of the Gods, as antient Bards have sung,
 Some were Gold-finders, Scavengers were some.

Thou, in thy Passage thro' the human Frame,
 Not idle, nor malevolent, impart'ft
 Beauty and Strength, the Glow of rosy Health,
 And force elastic of the finewy Limb,

The When

When ripe for other State, thou art discharg'd
Miles emeritus; and in regard
 Of this thy Bounty, with what Caution we
 Shun to deface thy Form with Foot prophane,
 And turn disgusted from who trample thee!

Nor yet thy Pow'r of doing good departs,
Phæbus his Influence joining, thee we find,
 In Herbs and Fruits unnumber'd, spread the Field;
 Whence future T---ds shall Phoenix-like proceed,
 Born of thy Ashes, and a second time
 Our Bodies pass; for what is all our Food
 But revolving T---d, fulfilling still
 The Circle mark'd by Heav'n? The daintiest Dame
 May thus the Beggar's T---d, in Herbs or Fruits,
 Disguis'd to her nice Mouth convey, and there
 Chew with high gust, and from Reflection sweet
 Rise with new Life, and bless the rich Repast.

Nor Food alone is T---d, but Balsam too,
 Lenient to Wounds and Swellings, if the Nose
 Have public Spirit, and can bear small ill
 For other Member's greater good; hence nam'd
 By grateful *Boor*, with rev'rence *Pilgrim's Salve*.
 More yet thy Praise my Muse intended, but—
 My Subject works another Way—it must be so—
 I sit uneasy—I'm in haste—let's see—
 I want—oh, here—oh no—this filthy Sheet
 I dawb'd already—Grass must do for Fodder.

F I N I S.



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